

THEATRE MAGAZINE

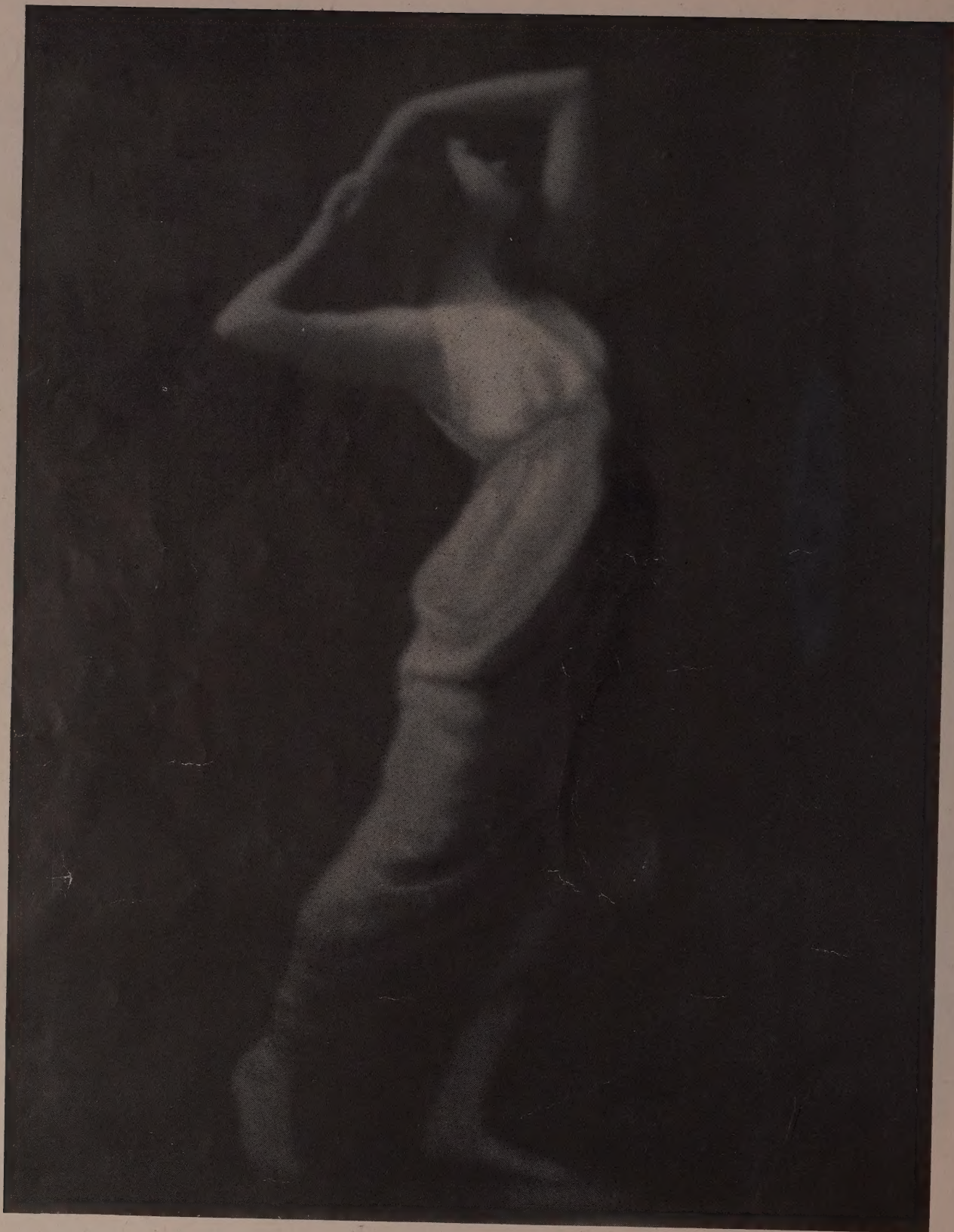
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Photo Nicholas Muray

JANE COWL AS CLEOPATRA



THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.

An Expression of Spiritual Exaltation by Amemiya
(Posed by Mina Mazo)

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Olla Podrida

The Actor as a Speechmaker

ONE of the most pernicious habits of actors today is that of making curtain speeches. If they but realized the reaction of their audiences to these inane performances of self-aggrandizement they would abandon the stupid practice. It is true that, occasionally, the continued applause of an enthusiastic audience gives the impression that a speech is desired. But, for the good of the actor, as well as the audience, talks before the curtain should be taboo. A child screams for more candy, but that is no reason why he should be crammed with it. Given a piece, he will love the confection. But a whole box will satiate him, sicken him, and make him loathe chocolates for a long time to come.

There is nothing more disillusionizing than the spectacle of an actor stepping out of character to utter a few puerile nothings. The theatre is a House of Illusions. We go to it to dream, pretend, forget. These illusions should be preserved at any cost—even at the cost of an actor indulging his vanity in the plaudits of theatregoers.

Painters do not get up in art galleries and harangue the visitors because they have admired their work. Musicians do not leave their instruments to make speeches about themselves. Actors are the only offenders. Raymond Hitchcock, Cyril Maude, Fred Stone, Leo Carillo, are but a few of those who indulge their vanity at the expense of their audiences.

Recently an actor, in the rôle of a foreigner, with an accent, stepped out of character, and made a speech. He brought his polished diction, his own mannerisms, and his most brilliant smiles into play. The gist of what he said was "I love my art." As a result, the third act was spoiled for his audience. He was no longer the intriguing foreigner, but the Actor, whose Ego prevented him from cleverly withholding his real self in favor of the Art he professed to love.

We can dispense with curtain speeches. Our illusions are worth preserving.

Why Sing French Opera in Italian?

EVEN an opera-house can't have its cake and eat it too. This fact ought to be pondered by the management of our own Metropolitan, which has frowned upon giving operas in English translations on the rather absurd theory that translated operas are not art. The exigencies of war-time feeling might be pleaded by the Metropolitan for its recent experiment of Wagner in English, especially as it has now gone back to its former policy of giving the Wagnerian works in the original German; but what can it plead in the case of *Boris Godunow* and *L'Africaine*? *Boris* is a Russian opera sung, except for Mr. Chaliapin's part, in Italian; *L'Africaine* a French opera sung in Italian under the name of *L'Africana*. Both these operas violate the Metropolitan's creed, and in the case of *Boris* it is a particularly absurd violation. If the artists can't learn Russian, the

opera ought then be given in English because a knowledge of the libretto is necessary for an audience to enjoy it fully. There is absolutely no reason to give it in Italian.

Having broken its rule twice, the Metropolitan can break it again. Why not give all opera buffas in English—works like *The Secret of Suzanne*, and this season's *I Compagnacci*? If an audience is to enjoy thoroughly any of these comic operas it must understand the lines, and at their performances not one person in fifty can understand Italian. All who heard the San Carlo Company's performance of *The Secret of Suzanne* at the Century heard the audience enjoy that little opera as no audience in America ever enjoyed it when sung in Italian. It was a lesson that the Metropolitan ought to take to heart.

Don't Blame the Government Tax

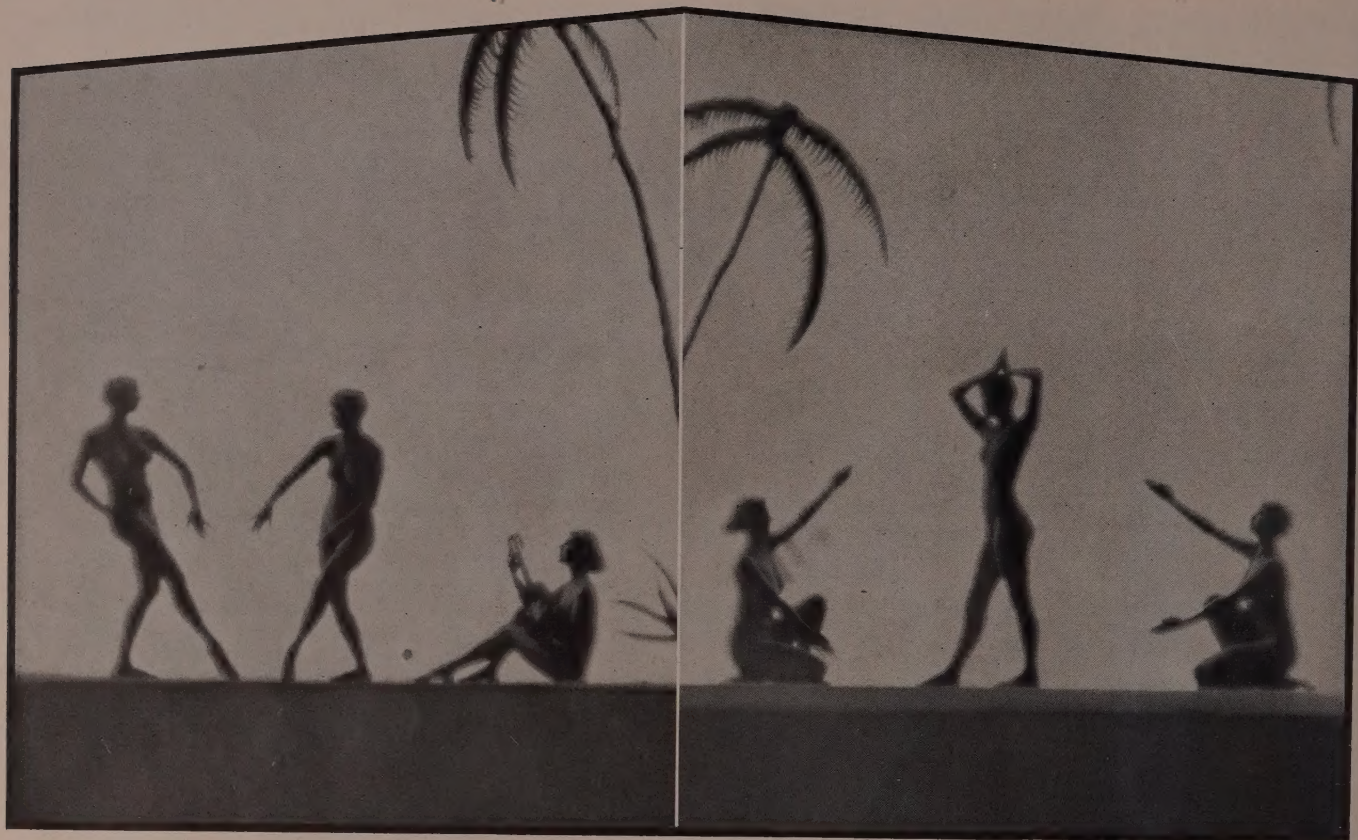
IT is rather comical to find Augustus Thomas, executive head of the Producing Managers' Association, protesting against the proposed increase of the tax on theatre tickets to pay the soldiers' bonus, on the ground that it will hurt the theatre business. Mr. Thomas says that the theatre business has already been hurt enough by the existing tax, that to tax it more would practically drive it into bankruptcy.

What has hurt the theatre is not the ten per cent. tax imposed by the government, but the greed of certain managers in demanding too high a price for admission to their performances. The normal price for an orchestra seat, even under present-day high-cost conditions, should not be more than \$2.50 or at most \$3.00 a seat. The government tax on the latter price is 30 cents. Surely Mr. Thomas will not insist that a thirty-cent tax discourages people from buying seats.

What does keep potential playgoers from the box-office is not the tax but the formidable—almost prohibitive—increase in the cost of seats. Today the tariff is not \$3.00 a seat for indifferent attractions, but \$4.00 and \$5.00, and on Saturday nights or special occasions, such as football night, the price is arbitrarily increased to the extent of all the traffic will bear. Add to this the exorbitant demands of the ticket speculator and what chance has Mr. Theatregoer of modest means for a look in?

Again, the managers allow all the desirable seats to be taken out of the box-office. The general public—the real patrons and supporters of the theatre—are actually discouraged from buying. The unscrupulous, short-sighted manager allows the public to be gouged—he profiting not a little himself from the gouging. The one time regular patron of the theatre realizes he is made the victim and that is why today he and his wife fight shy of the theatre and prefer the cheaper movies.

If business in the theatre is bad it is the greedy manager who is to blame. It is he who has killed the bird that laid the golden eggs. Don't blame the government tax.



A study in poetic action by Earle Emlay, made with a camera of his own invention which reduces all semblance of harsh detail and suggests rather than defines. Mr. Emlay is also the inventor of slow-motion pictures

Bringing Exotic Art to Broadway

Famous Producer Offers Foreign Genius as Inspiration and Incentive to Native Talent

By MORRIS GEST

AMERICANS are the greatest connoisseurs of artistry in the world.

That is why, to satisfy their demands for the very best there is in Art, I find it necessary to draw on foreign countries for talent. By that, I do not mean to imply that this country is devoid of artists. We have plenty of them. But why confine the source of supply to one country?

Art is international. Every nation gives something of beauty and genius to the world. And, since Americans are so appreciative of everything that is fine in art, why not comb all corners of the globe, and put before them what they want? It is a case of bringing the mountain to Mohammed. All Americans cannot travel. Some have not the time. Others cannot afford this interesting, broadening, educating pastime. Americans are so enterprising in all imaginable ways, that it would seem absurd to permit such a trifling thing as an ocean to stand between them and their desires.

Of course, it isn't entirely magnanimity which prompts me to import foreign talent. I do it to keep pace with the demand. The American public wants the interesting, colorful, bizarre, and unusual in the way of entertainment which other nations have. They are willing to pay for it. It would be bad business to ignore this demand—sheer blindness and stupidity, in fact.

BUT foreign talent imported to this country means something more to me than just satisfying a demand. I believe that the work of foreign artists will serve to inspire and spur our own American artists to greater accomplishments.

I refer particularly to young artists—actors, dancers and musicians. No matter how brightly burns the flame, there is always the need to keep fanning it. And who dares underestimate the great incentive provided by the work of an accomplished artist? Publicity and the plaudits of the multitudes have a great deal to do with it. A foreign star comes over here amid a fanfare of trumpets. There are reception committees awaiting them, they are entertained by socially prominent men and women, they play to crowded houses and receive the applause and adulation of thousands of theatre-goers. Why shouldn't all this bright glory awaken desires for emulation in the breasts of young Americans? For, no matter how retiring and seemingly modest a youth or maiden may be, they are not averse to well-earned rewards.

All of us like to be praised for our efforts. This "virtue is its own reward"

is all bunk. Most of us ask something more than the inward feeling of a task well done. It doesn't harm any of us to get an occasional pat on the back, and a few words of commendation. Those commendatory words are fruits of the harvest, for money isn't all that counts. And so it is with the young American artist who stands by

worth, won their laurels. As I said before, art is international, and should not be confined to one nation. Our artistic viewpoint should be broadened. We, as discriminating Americans, should be given an opportunity to see, hear and study all that other countries have to offer and teach us in the field of art.

Of course, I must admit that there is a serious flaw in our system over here. We would do more exporting, though not restricting our importing of talent, if we did not have the deadly star blight. A cast over here boasts one or possibly two stars, and that is all. Sometimes the remainder of the members of the cast may be mediocre actors. David Belasco and his productions are exceptions to this rule. He, as everyone knows, is particular about every detail. Every actor on a Belasco production must have unusual talent for his particular rôle, and no rôle in his performances is considered negligible. But, as a rule, this is hard to accomplish. Our actors are cast in molds, the star, the featured actor, the character woman, the comedian, the maid, the butler, and so on. Versatility is restricted.

Now take the Moscow Art Theatre. The star of a performance one night may be cast as a valet the next night. Each actor is so trained that he can assume any rôle assigned to him. And this does away with much of the apathy on the part of actors. An actor over here reasons that, as he must be subordinate to the star, be merely a "feeder" for him, and always and forever, be fading into the background so the star may shine, there is little use of trying to do anything but fill his niche.

The foreign stage with its repertory arrangement, does not boast any particular stars. One actor may be greater than another, that is true, but the one with less talent, is given an equal opportunity for recognition.

FREQUENTLY I have been asked whether I found more beautiful women abroad than I ferreted out over here. And I respond that I find American women more beautiful than any other. Perhaps the discussion was brought about by *The Miracle*, and the lovely women featured in connection with it. But while we have beautiful women, they have not the individuality that foreign women possess. A Russian, French or Italian woman preserves her individuality at any cost. She dresses to suit herself. Not so with our women. They look, walk, talk and dress alike. They ape each other. If a certain prominent society woman or a well-known dancer

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World-famous artists who have appeared here this season under Morris Gest management. (Above) Eleonora Duse. (Circle) Balieff of the Chauve-Souris. (Left) Constantin Stanislavsky, co-founder and director of the Moscow Art Theatre. (Right) Professor Max Reinhardt, who came here to produce the spectacular pantomime *The Miracle*

and watches the foreign star under his halo of glory. He is goaded on to do likewise. He reasons with himself, and logically: "Perhaps America will not always be the importer of talent. Perhaps it will do more exporting in the future, and, who knows, I may be sent over to Europe to shine a while!"

There's no denying it—few of our young artists can remain uninspired after witnessing the performances of Duse, of Italy; the *Chauve-Souris* and Moscow Art Theatre, of Russia; the work of Max Reinhardt, of Germany.

BECAUSE I have been instrumental in bringing over foreign artists, some people have construed this activity of mine in an erroneous fashion. I have been asked whether there is a shortage of genuine talent over here. Of course such an assumption is ridiculous. Our artists have proved their

Pity the Poor Playwright

Tribulations of the Young Dramatist Who Seeks a Broadway Production

By DAVID CARB
Co-Author of *Queen Victoria*

IF Ben Franklin, entering Philadelphia, had carried a five-act drama under his arm instead of a loaf of bread, would the course of American history have been altered? It most certainly would. Even had his drama contained only three acts the United States would not have been what it is today. For the man who brought France to the aid of the struggling colonists would have spent his days in the outer rooms of theatrical managers and his evenings telling his friends how wild Goldenhorn was about his play and that only — prevented him from producing it at this time. "But," Young Ben, later Middle-Aged Ben, and finally Old Ben would have added, "he begged me, if I have not placed it before the end of the season, to let him have another chance at it." So year after year. And Lafayette would have stayed home, the S. E. P. would have remained unborn, and Queen Mary's hats would now be the fashion of our land.

Every true American should ponder this before he puts Act I at the top of a page. By not writing a play he may be saving his country; by taking a trip to France instead, and preaching the no-play gospel he may save the world. There is not the slightest doubt that a hundred and ten million Americans in France, all preaching the same gospel, would not go unheeded. And once Frenchmen had been convinced that not writing plays is the Higher Patriotism, Broadway might make the revolutionary discovery that spice comes from the tropics! There would, of course, be die-hards, and for a time unrest and violence. Barricades in Forty-second Street! Greenwich Village deserting the left bank of the Seine and swearing allegiance to Tahiti! But in the end Loyalty to our Institutions would prevail, the dissenters would be sent back to the place they came from because they don't like it here, and the spots on Manhattan Island where once they foregathered could be utilized by the movies as locations for the Great Open Spaces!

THE GREAT TRIUMVIRATE

BUT, alas! we have not yet arrived at Utopia. Legions still write plays! Even I.

We also try to get them produced. And that, as we dramatists say, is the tragedy of it.

There are three basic elements in the production of a play: the actor, the manager, the theatre—which includes both the house, and the money to run the show. No one has yet been able even to estimate the number of combinations of these three elements which prevent a play reaching the stage. The manager does not like it; the actor does not like it; the manager likes it but the actor can't "see" it; the actor likes it but the manager can't "see" it; the actor and the manager like it but they can't

get a theatre; the actor and the manager like it and a theatre is available, but there is not enough money to carry it unless it should be an instantaneous success. . . . And so on, *ad infinitum*.

But plays do get produced—nearly two hundred every season in New York, in about half a hundred theatres. I myself have had some produced—only two, however, in New York.

I bounced out of college as Spring leaps from the sober body of Winter—just as fresh and green and hopeful and confident. Unlike Franklin I entered the city I am to conquer with a play under my arm. A loaf of bread would have been more practicable.

A SINGLE PERFORMANCE

THAT play was a vigorous attack on the thing that I and my friends were immune to, but the rest of America was rapidly succumbing to—smugness. The explanatory caption beneath the title read, "A comedy of the tragedy of the smug." My friends believed in it. And so, strangely enough, did a star. Spigot, her manager, sent for me: the lady was touring, she wished to try out my play with her present company, and if it "showed promise" she would bring it into New York in the autumn. My agent said something about an advance royalty; the manager ignored the suggestion; and I motioned the agent frantically to let the subject drop, fearful that the iridescent dream could not survive a sordid contact. The manager voluntarily offered to pay my expenses to the scene of triumph, and return!

Just one memory remains of those rehearsals; I was awed and dazed, and so terrified lest Spigot shouldn't, after all, pay my expenses that I marvel that even one memory remains. It was the first rehearsal Spigot had attended. The star went to a window up-stage and compared humanity to the snow on the window-sill.

"Play it down-stage, Agnes," Spigot called from the auditorium.

"Don't interrupt," the actress cried, and continued to address the snow.

"Play it down-stage."

"I can't. I'm talking about the snow and I have to look at it while I'm talking about it, don't I?"

"All right. All right. Tell it to the stage hands. They pay two dollars to see the show."

The tryout was a single matinée. The critics seemed to resent my strictures on smug people and smugness; they intimated that when a person had attained the heights that this author had reached he should view the benighted billions below with compassion and not with smug disdain. . . .

I hastened to the star. Spigot was with her. He was telling her and the stage hands and everyone else within a large radius that the play was a flop, was cold,

was dead: the star waited patiently until he had exhausted his vocabulary and himself. Then she remarked quietly, "It's the new movement."

"You mean you're going to do it in New York!" I cried.

"Yes," she said. "In the Fall. There will have to be a few changes—"

For a whole year those few changes occupied me—this scene, that line, a situation here and there. The play concerned a woman whose son has just reached his majority. It was essential that he should be twenty-one years old and that the heroine should be his mother. After a long while it occurred to me that all the "few changes" had to do with the age of the principal character. When I had got it down to thirty-five I told the star that I had gone as far as Nature would permit. She then started making a "few changes" on the son's age. I consulted my agent. "She's never going to do that play again." I asked the star. "Probably not," she remarked indifferently. "Then why on earth," I cried, "have you made me work on it for a solid year?" "I thought I might be interested," she informed me. My education was progressing.

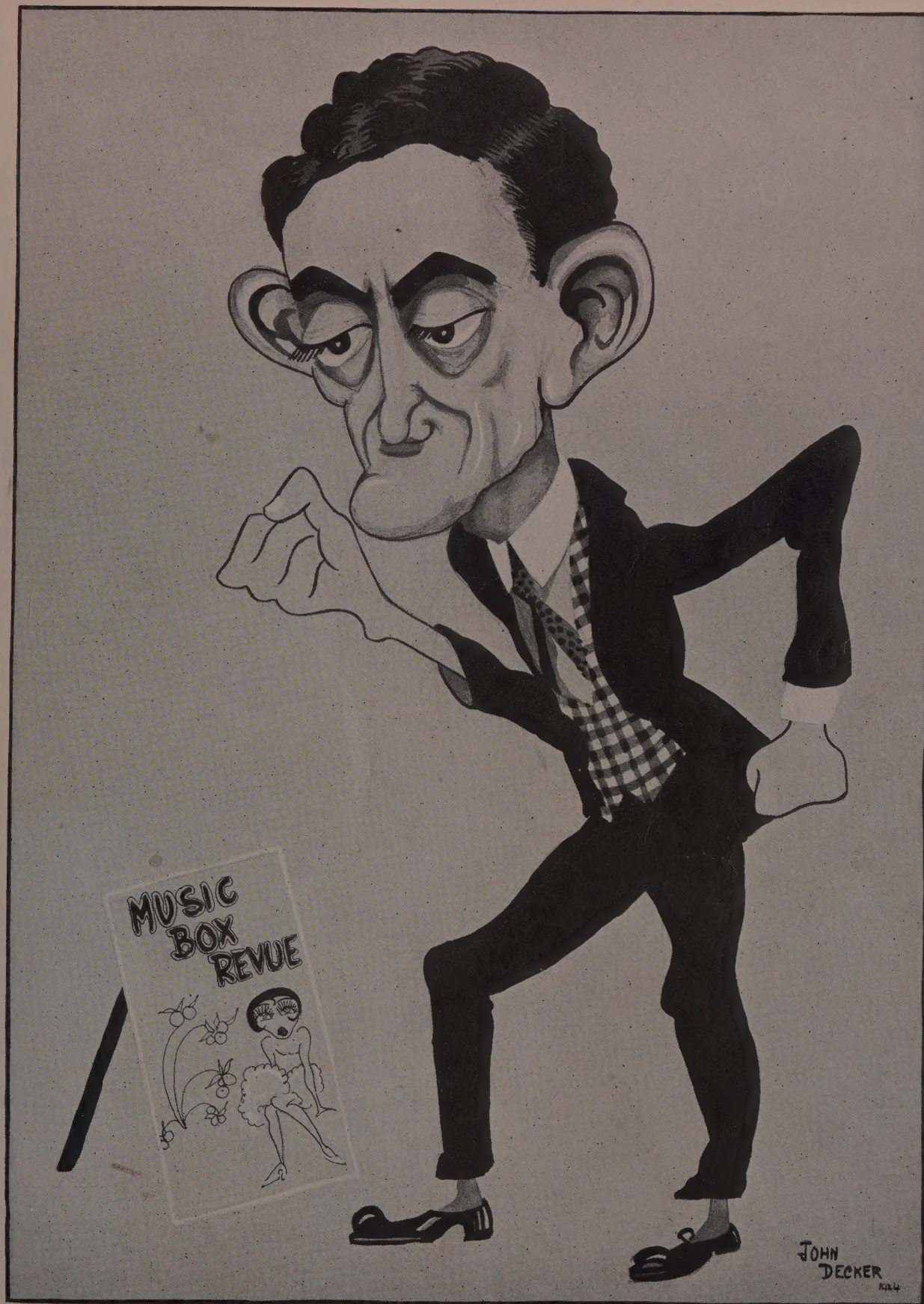
My next play was a "light" comedy; it was written to amuse and had no serious purpose. When *Honor* was all typed and copyrighted and "sent out" I went down to the Maine coast to visit some friends. One Saturday came a telegram from the firm of X & Y asking me to come to their office on Tuesday at five! There was great excitement in our household. Auriferous fantasies danced before my eyes. I was "made," a success! . . . I would be benevolent to struggling artists. But meanwhile I must have clothes to wear to the great audience. My hosts loaned me enough money to get to New York and to purchase a new suit and necktie.

SUCCESS AT LAST!

AT four o'clock on that Tuesday I was pacing Forty-second Street. Unless you yourself have been summoned to an appointment that Means Everything to you, you will find it somewhat pathetic and quite ridiculous for a grown man to be striding back and forth in front of a tall building wondering whether the contracts would be ready to sign, arranging his plans so that immediate rehearsals would not inconvenience him, figuring what the author's royalties would be if the comedy played to \$10,000 a week—to \$12,000—to \$15,000. . . .

At five minutes of five I was in the elevator. My collar had become very tight. An office boy told me to take a seat. He seemed in no way affected by my name. But soon he would jump when I entered the office—now he was crawling into a mysterious sanctum. When the play got

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OUR BROADWAY PRODUCERS. NO. I: MR. SAM HARRIS

The Gentle Angel Who Reconciled Art and Irving Berlin. Next Month: Who Made the Business Man Tired?

"What to Do Till the Milkman Comes"

Broadway's Exhaustive Program for the Complete Elimination of Sleep

By RICHARD SAVAGE

THE theatre on Broadway has degenerated into a place in which to kill time until the entertainment begins.

It has replaced the after-dinner nap of the mid-Victorians. The swift set finds it a convenient and fairly comfortable place in which to lightly dissipate the interval between dinner and the serious business of having a good time. All that the blighted modern stage lacks in dramatic power is atoned by the spectacular staging of the drama of eating supper after it. And after supper there is the farce of a breakfast, and after the breakfast, the comedy of the exchequer. For the sport worthy of the title believes not in making hay while the sun shines, but in waiting until then to hit it.

Pleasure is not pursued as lightly as it once was. There was Fifi at the *Folies Caprice*, wines in the cellar, and the comforting assurance that wives never went to such places. Then even a miserable lobster, one of those things which inhabit the ice in Greek restaurant windows, had its certain thrill. "The time, the place, the girl," was the inspiring slogan. But today it's the time, the place, the girl, and Jim. Jim is the eminent Scotchman who answers Bryant—, or one of his distinguished emissaries.

Jim is reliable, the time is after midnight, the girl is on the knees of the gods, and the place—well, these are what to do till the milkman comes.

All around Broadway, twinkling symbols summon the bold adventurer from the West to *The Shanty*, *The Dive*, *The Castle on the Bluffs*, and such jazz paradises, where for the painless fee of two or five dollars one is given a small chair covered with some really natty little tapestry, and the excruciating thrill of watching and listening to a vaudeville act. Beautiful jewel-laden demi-mondaines, their gentlemen friends, the snappy younger set, the cinema and theatrical celebrities, all the pseudo-sports of gay night-life approve the supper-club as the flying start to nocturnal pleasure-hunting.

THE POPULAR SHADE

IN the rivalry of kitchen and jazz-band, the syncope takes all the honors. Eating is merely undertaken as a ballast to accompany the descent of the liquids and to anchor them. Dancing is the real sustenance. We have all the great and lesser Whiteman's, Lopez's, Coleman's, ranging in all tints of the spectrum from a peach-pink to synthetic ebony. We have entertainers of the same varied colorings. But since the sensational conquest of Florence Mills and the Plantation revue, a rich sepia is the favored complexion.

There is Fay Marbe, the beauty with the million-dollar legs, in the Knickerbocker grill-room, Van and Schenck, the harmony duo, price not mentioned, in their own cabaret; Stroevea proxying for Gilda

Grey at the *Rendezvous*; Maurice and Hughes at the *Palais-Royal*; Cortez and Peggy at the Ambassador grill; even Benny Leonard entering the ranks of restaurant hostesses. A few of the clubs follow the London fashion of insisting on membership, and the qualifications and costs are equally severe.

GENTLER PASTIMES

IF the mood is not so frenziedly festive, and the pleasure-hunter's passion for dancing is more or less subdued, there are the chop-houses where beer, ale, conversation, flow as they never flowed before. In places where the beer is notoriously on the level one must come early, and put in a single order for the first and subsequent deliveries. Some have it, that the concoction is brewed in the cellar while the patrons wait, but this must be rank prevarication as anyone might know who has arrived in the thick of the rush only to be told that the beer is "all gone" but that Canadian reserves are already being rushed across the border.

Beer and ale are pleasant enough beverages, and a bier-stube is a companionable enough atmosphere, but it can do little toward inducing the condition currently fashionable and known on Broadway as "pie-eyed." This state, apparently, is the end-all of the real sport's ambition, and pandering to it there abound in the West Forties bona-fide relics of the back-room saloon. Innocently disguised as boot-shops, beauty parlors, milliners, trucking-offices, little doors give entrance, if one has mastered the knocks, to rooms which would bring tears to the bleary eyes of the old inebriates, so perfectly do they counterfeit in all but price the tinfoiled, sawdust-strewn academies of sociability of the past. Here for a dollar one may buy a jigger of fluid deferentially labeled "rye." Even with the "professor" at the piano, well-known personages drifting in and out, friendly overtures from strangers, this adventurous novelty cannot entertain forever.

At two o'clock night-light moves north toward the black belt. The color-line never has been drawn as indistinctly as it is in fast New York today. The syncope sons of Ham have opened their jazz-palaces to the Broadway sight-seers. Chocolate musicians, chocolate entertainers, and chocolate fellow guests at the tables. All around Lenox Avenue, the early hours of the morning witness a steady immigration of the social pioneers from the South. The gaiety is fast and furious, especially "fast," and the insinuating intermingling of the races is viewed with amused tolerance by the worldly girls and boys. Here is superjazz! And for dancing, even the Broadway shows offer little like it.

Greenwich Village never wanes in popu-

larity, although the first invasion of the quality of spurious "swellness" has rather changed the old-time flavor of it. It has become simply a reproduction of uptown with rather more leeway, cheaper wine, and more inexpensive decoration. Bad mural art and cheese-cloth are "quaint" if one is south of Fourteenth Street. And there are always curious places in which both the pursuits and genders of the guests are provocative of diverting speculation. Through generations of firm habit, the activities of the raiding squadrons still are centered in this neighborhood.

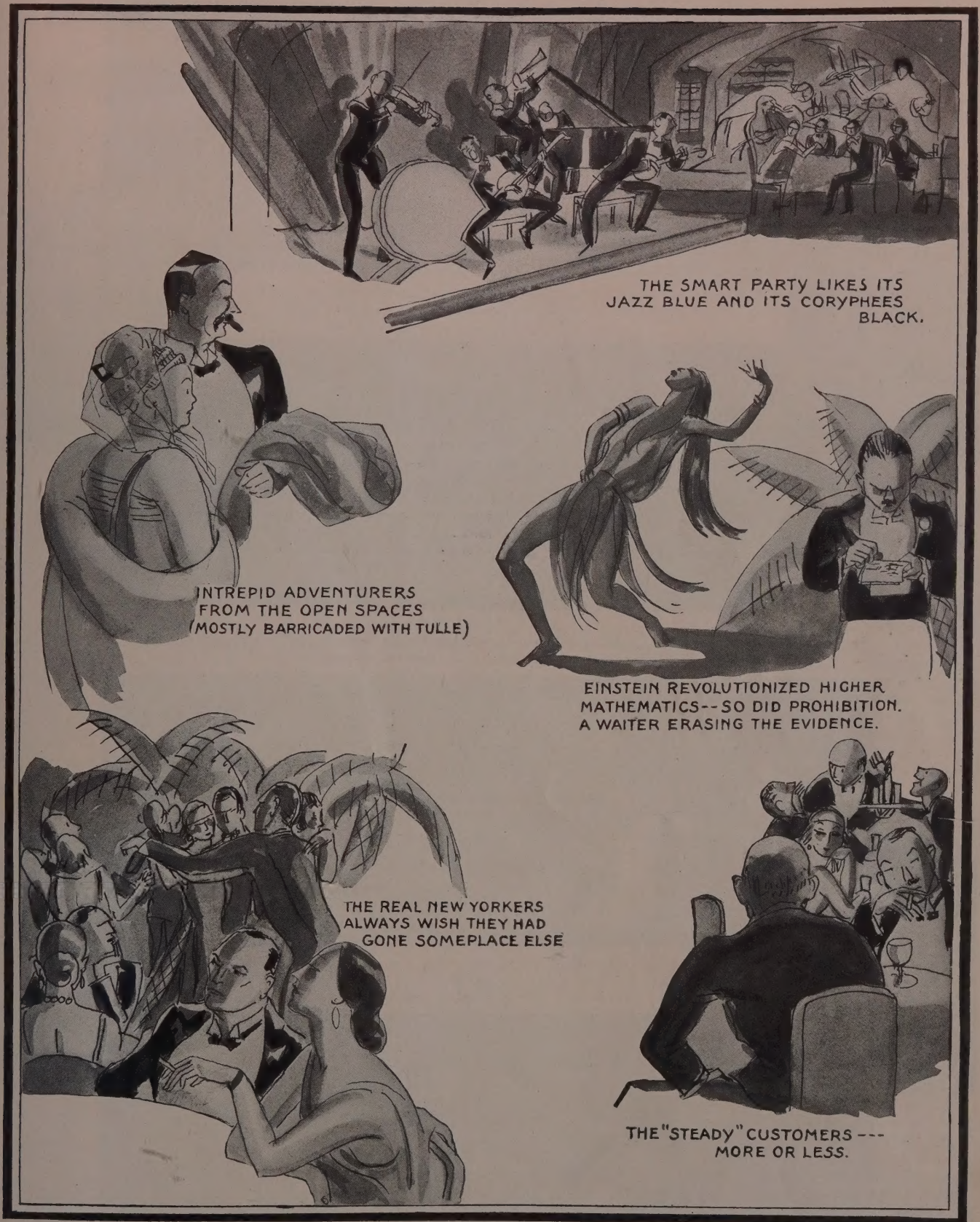
At about four o'clock persuasive pangs of hunger are wont to assail the nocturnal animals. The vision of black coffee arouses a primitive lust. They repair to the sandwich emporiums, an authorized fashion launched several years ago by the great Reubens, himself. His cold-cut bazaars continue to hold popular favor. But the white-front flapjack resorts are bidding strong. Upper Fifth Avenue offers a popular one of these, smart for breakfast before bed. And somewhat further west, chaste white tile belies the shady tinge of an establishment frequented in the young hours before dawn by pretty boys out for no good.

The song-pluggers have taken one of these spots to their hearts, the fight-promoters another, the horsey clan a third. And so on, with all generously and conspicuously honored by the well-known theatrical element. No program for the ultimate complete elimination of sleep is considered quite worthy of the order of the Midnight Sons, without entrée to at least one apartment where one pays well for music, dancing and synthetic alcohol under the benign shelter of the label "private club." New York has become as entitled as the fair-grounds midway to the challenging slogan "you pay your money and you take your chance."

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

AND what chances are taken! The most robust adventurer of the middle ages would lay down his lance before the onslaught of them. With scandal avid in the offing, shellac masquerading as bourbon, and blood-pressures mounting to heights unattained by even the News Reel Cameramen, Broadway night-life offers a zestful game to those who choose to play it.

The old sports sit by the radio and deplore the passing of the old-school cabaret, the handsome cab, the pompadour and the peek-a-boo blouse, the days when the theatre was an event and the young lady's coach and chaperon called there to escort her home from it. Today the flapper finds it just a fair way to start the evening, for the present unforgivable social offense is to know when to go home. And the real test of smartness is to know every place else to go in order to avoid it.

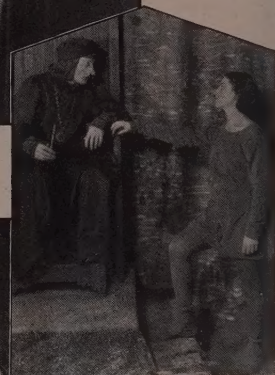
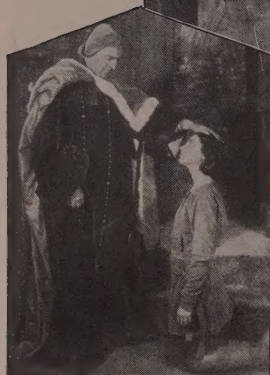


AFTER THE SHOW

Helen Hokinson Presents the Common Epilogue to All Broadway Productions



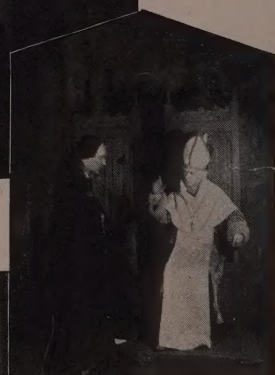
The Maid (*Winifred Lenihan*) comes to Vancoulers Castle to ask the aid of Robert de Baudricourt (*Ernest Cossart*) in securing audience with the Dauphin



The Throne Room at Chinon. Drawing her sword, the Maid swears, under God's guidance, to lead France to victory. (*Inset left*) The Archbishop of Rheims (*Albert Bruning*) gives Joan his blessing. (*Inset right*) The Dauphin (*Philip Leigh*) listens to the Maid's impassioned plea



The Trial Scene. (*Inset right*) The Inquisitor (*Joseph Macaulay*) discusses points of heresy with the Bishop of Beauvais (*Ian Maclaren*). (*Inset left*) Joan bids farewell to Dunois (*Maurice Colbourne*)



Twenty years later. The Ghost of the martyred Maid appears before King Charles
Photographs by Bruguière. Settings by Raymond Sovey

THE NEW PLAY

Shaw's "Saint Joan," a Theatre Guild Production of Supreme Beauty

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



The Miracle

Pantomimic spectacular drama in eight scenes. Book by Karl Vollmoeller. Score by Engelbert Humperdinck. Staged by Max Reinhardt. Produced by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest at the Century Theatre on January 15, with these principals:

Madonna, Lady Diana Manners; Old Sacristan, Elsie Lorenz; The Nun, Rosamond Pinchot; The Knight, Orville Caldwell; The Piper, Werner Krauss; Robber Count, Lionel Braham; Shadow of Death, Luis Rainer; The Prince, Schuyler Ladd; The Emperor, Rudolph Schildkraut.

IT is not novelty of subject that makes Max Reinhardt's stupendous production of *The Miracle* the most beautiful and impressive, the most atmospheric and richly colorful stage spectacle this or any other generation of American theatre-goers have ever witnessed. The story of the erring young nun who deserts her duties in the Cathedral and goes forth into the world to taste of its fleshly pleasures, the compassionate Madonna meantime descending from her pedestal to take the sinner's place, has been told often before both in dramatic and operatic form, notably in Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice*, Massenet's *Jongleur de Notre Dame* and the old mystery play *Griboir*.

The tale itself is old, but the way Reinhardt tells it is new—so new, so colossal in conception, so bold in execution that words fail to convey any adequate idea of this awe-inspiring religious drama. One sits speechless before the astonishing elaboration of detail, the tremendous energy involved, the marvelous handling of the seven hundred supernumeraries, the supreme technical skill, the painstaking, conscientious artistry of the master producer whose genius for creating dynamic scenes and weird mass effects alone made possible a show of such magnitude and beauty.

Creating the atmosphere necessary for such a spectacle on the big scale Reinhardt proposed to do it in New York was in itself a herculean task. Imagine an ordinary theatre transformed overnight into a medieval Cathedral—not a frail, papier-mâché affair, but the real thing with apparently massive stone columns soaring fifty feet high, groined arches, moldings, heavy iron-studded doors and other Gothic details. The proscenium arch is the choir with the thirty-foot high altar in the rear. On the right of the stage is a practicable pulpit and on the left a solid bell-tower rising to the roof. In place of the boxes are Gothic doors and great rose windows of stained glass. Fifty-foot stained-glass windows in the galleries reaching to the roof heighten the Gothic illusion. On either side of the house sweep dimly lighted cloisters through which come and go the nuns as the action demands their presence. In the

top gallery sits the orchestra, Humperdinck's music augmented by human voices and sweet-toned chimes. The orchestra seats are turned into pews and the women ushers attired as nuns. The usual carpeted aisles are covered with a material that gives the appearance of cold flagstones and the balcony rails are hung with banners. Overhead is a Gothic roof with swinging lanterns of stained glass. All this designed by Norman Bel Geddes and constructed by an army of carpenters at an estimated cost of \$400,000!

Instead of a curtain to divide the acts, Reinhardt uses a non-irritating smoke screen most effectively, adding as it does to the mystery and atmosphere of each scene. Long before the action begins this creating of atmosphere is

The Emperor is executed and the nun narrowly escapes the same fate. When, after seven years, she returns to the Cathedral with her dead child, the Madonna has already resumed her place on the pedestal.

Lady Diana Manners brought to the rôle of the Madonna the dignified, spiritual manner which it demands. Her posing was admirable and her pantomime gave exact verisimilitude to the holy character she was impersonating. A most artistic, intelligent and creditable rendering.

The surprise, however, of the production was the excellent performance given by Rosamond Pinchot—daughter of the Governor of Pennsylvania—as the nun. A slender, attractive girl, Miss Pinchot played her important part with

the skill, intelligence and easy poise of a veteran and quite remarkable in so inexperienced a novice. She danced gracefully, ran like a doe, and in her moments of stress displayed dramatic power of no mean order. Her *Lord's Prayer* was beautifully and most expressively rendered. I hope Miss Pinchot has come to the stage to stay.

Rudolph Schildkraut was effective as the insane Emperor and Orville Caldwell made a handsome knight. Werner Krauss did well in the somewhat nebulous rôle of the Piper. The greatest credit is due the supers. Theirs were only bits, but they played them like principals.

Saint Joan

Chronicle play in four acts and an epilogue by George Bernard Shaw. Produced by the Theatre Guild at

the Garrick Theatre on December 28 with the following cast:

Robert de Baudricourt, Ernest Cossart; Steward, William M. Griffith; Joan, Winifred Lenihan; Bertrand de Pouligny, Frank Tweed; Archbishop of Rheims, Albert Bruning; La Tremouille, Herbert Ashton; Court Page, Jo Mielziner; Gilles de Rais, Walton Butterfield; Captain la Hire, Morris Carnovsky; The Dauphin, Philip Leigh; Duchess de la Tremouille, Elizabeth Pearné; Dunois Bastard of Orleans, Maurice Colbourne; Dunois' Page, James Norris; Richard de Beauchamp, A. H. Van Buren; Chaplain de Stogumber, Henry Travers; Peter Cauchon, Ian Maclaren; Warwick's Page, Seth Baldwin; The Inquisitor, Joseph Macaulay; Canon D'Estivet, Philip Wood; De Courcelles, Walton Butterfield; Brother Martin Ladvenu, Morris Carnovsky; The Executioner, Herbert Ashton; An English Soldier, Frank Tweed; A Gentleman of 1920, Ernest Cossart.

WHAT impresses one most on seeing Bernard Shaw's fine play *Saint Joan* is the remarkable change that has come over G. B. S. himself. In this historical drama—the best play from the constructive and dramatic viewpoint Shaw has yet written—there are still traces of the professional cynic, the slapstick phrase-maker. There is the usual superabundance of Shavian talk while the satirist airs his views on heresy, religion, statecraft, and the familiar Mephistophelian sneer and bitter jibes do not fail to crop out here and there.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Fine pictorial revival of Rostand's famous romantic play. Splendidly acted by Walter Hampden and brilliant cast.

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH—Interesting drama of circus life, splendidly acted by Lionel Barrymore and supporting cast. One of Belasco's finished productions.

OUTWARD BOUND—A most unusual and absorbingly interesting play dealing with the hereafter.

SAINT JOAN—Fine historical drama by Bernard Shaw. Admirably acted by Winifred Lenihan and associates.

THE MIRACLE—Stupendous religious spectacle. The finest thing ever seen in this country.

THE SWAN—Delightful romantic comedy, admirably acted by Eva Le Gallienne and associates.

WHITE CARGO—A vivid play of the primitive. Expert and powerful drama of African station life acted with special distinction.

kept up. Bells toll, priests and nuns pass in and out, while down stage on a pedestal is the supposed wooden image of the Madonna, impersonated by Lady Diana Manners who accomplishes without apparent effort the by no means easy feat of remaining absolutely motionless three quarters of an hour.

The action begins by the clanging of the big Cathedral bell summoning the village folk to mass. A great procession pours into the church—peasants, tradespeople, children, knights, cripples—seven hundred of them. Surging down the aisles, they crowd around the statue of the Madonna, their medieval religious ecstasy becoming wilder each moment until it ends in frenzied delirium. A cripple springs to his feet. Faith and prayer have wrought a miracle. The effect of this scene on the spectator is overwhelming and unforgettable.

The mob disperses and the nun, left alone, is tempted by the knight. She flees and the Madonna, descending from her pedestal, assumes the fugitive's garb. Meantime the nun is quickly disillusioned. She is captured by a robber count and forced to take part in his drunken orgies. A prince rescues her and is about to carry her to his nuptial couch, when he is killed and the nun marries his father, the insane Emperor. Revolution breaks out.

But in *Saint Joan* we sense quite a different Shaw, a more kindly, humane Shaw. Even his old enemies the English are let off lightly although the occasion offered a rare opportunity for lambasting them. It is as though the loftiness of his subject, this painful odyssey of the saintly maid of France, who, exalted by religious fervor, sacrificed her virginal young life on the altar of an ideal patriotism, had taken such hold on the author's imagination that it sobered the hardened cynic, and taught him that, after all, there may be unselfish, noble impulses in the world, that all is not hypocrisy, self-interest and cant. We behold a chastened Shaw. In again resurrecting the Pucelle of Orleans another miracle has been worked. Joan has not only saved France from the God-dams, but Shaw himself from perdition.

Arranged in seven tableaux the drama follows the familiar outlines of the Jeanne d'Arc legend. In Act I Joan, the modest, divinely inspired virgin, aroused by the sufferings of her beloved France under the military heel of the English, comes to Vaucouleurs Castle to ask the aid of Robert de Baudricourt in securing an interview with the Dauphin. She declares she will lead the French troops to victory, drive out the God-dams and crown the Dauphin in Rheims Cathedral. Baudricourt thinks the girl mad, but he facilitates her journey and in the next tableau we find her in the throne-room at Chinon. The cowardly Dauphin has no wish to endanger his royal person by any fresh attacks against the enemy, and the Archbishop of Rheims and other notables scoff openly at the peasant girl's presumption. But Joan pleads so eloquently that she is allowed to place herself at the head of the French forces. The scene changes to the banks of the Loire where Dunois, the French generalissimo, has been praying for a change of wind so he might take the English unawares. Joan shows the astonished warrior where he can attack to better advantage. At the same moment the wind changes and the delighted Dunois sallies forth to conquer. Joan is hailed as the country's savior but her success merely gains for her the hatred of the English and the enmity of the Church. In Act III the Bishop of Beauvais comes to the English camp and in the tent of the haughty, merciless Earl of Warwick, the Maid's doom is sealed. The next act shows the trial at Rouen, as sincerely written and dramatic a scene as the stage has ever known. One sees the gathering of the clergy—a cruel, sinister group that has already secretly condemned the Maid to the fire. Joan's impassioned pleadings for her life, her solemn declaration that she but obeyed the command of God leave her judges cold, and after a mock trial she is hurried to the stake.

The dialogue is in our present-day vernacular—so modern indeed that slang expressions and quips seem at times disconcerting in the mouths of armor-clad knights and beruffled courtiers. That Joan should address the Dauphin as Charlie is, of course, pure Shavian but it is not so clear why the descendant of St. Louis is represented as a semi-imbecile, repellent in face and manner. This is taking unwarranted liberties with history. Charles VII was a moral weakling fonder of pleasure than of taking the field but all his contemporaries agree that he was a very handsome man. There is no historical justification for presenting him as a lollipop-sucking moron. But then G. B. S. must have his little joke.

The play is beautifully acted. Winifred

Lénihan gives a modern note to the Maid as indeed the text compels her to do. Hers is a fine intelligent performance. She was admirable throughout.

The others in the long cast all distinguished themselves. The Inquisitor of Joseph Macaulay and the Bishop of Beauvais of Ian Maclaren were unforgettable stage portraits. Albert Bruning gave his usual fine performance as the Archbishop of Rheims and Maurice Colbourne presented a fine martial figure as Dunois. Where the general excellence was so high it is difficult to single out particular performers. If you fail to see *Saint Joan* you miss one of the real treats of the season.

The Song-and-Dance Man

Comedy in four scenes by George M. Cohan, presented by him at the Hudson Theatre on December 31, with the following cast:

Curtis, William Walcott; Chas. B. Nelson, Frederick Perry; Joseph Murdoch, Louis Calhern; John Farrell, George M. Cohan; Crowley, Wm. J. Phinney; Jim Craig, Robert Cummings; Jane Rosemond, Eleanor Woodruff; Mrs. Lane, Laura Bennett; Leola Lane, Mayo Methot; Freddie, Al Bushee; Miss Davis, Mary Agnes Martin; Tom Crosby, John Meehan; Anna, Alice Beam.

GEORGE M. himself, in a play which is all Cohan, wryly comical, but vaguely sad, a story of a "ham-actor" and saturated with tinsel and theatrical sentiment, a play which would be nothing without Cohan, but which with him, lives. As a down-and-out second-rate song-and-dance man, believing hysterically in his own ability, loving the strange career he has elected, but a sickening failure at it, the most successful Song-and-Dance Man known to Broadway, gives a performance which is moving and compelling and animates the creaky machinery of the piece with a sincere sympathy.

"Hap" Farrell, late of Farrell and Carroll, becomes a troupier by the usual method, running away from home. He plays around in the tanks and tall grass country for years, always believing in his heart that he is the best song-and-dance man in the world. Finally, he lands in New York, broke but still confident, and meets in a Forty-seventh Street boarding-house, Leola Lane, a song-and-dance girl. Leola, too, is penniless, in debt, and caring for her mother. "Hap's" whole-hearted and ruthless pursuit of money for them, precipitates by coincidence a chance for both Leola and himself to make Broadway. The girl has the goods. She becomes a success. But "Hap" shows himself a miserable second-rater. He is staked to an opening in some other field. He makes money. But after a few years he throws it all aside to go back to the song-and-dance game in which he had left his heart and soul. A funny and sad little story of the theatre, typical, yet not too professional in its treatment to confound the lay.

Eleanor Woodruff reveals herself as a comedienne of exceptional ability in the rôle of a theatrical boarding-house keeper. Mayo Methot is a winsome song-and-dance girl. But it is George M. Cohan, himself, who has again applied the magic touch of his personality and revived a failing comedy.

Roseanne

Play in three acts by Nan Bagby Stephens. Produced by Mary H. Kirkpatrick at the

Greenwich Village Theatre on January 1 with the following cast:

Roseanne, Chrystal Herne; Son, Blaine Cordner; Leola, Kathleen Comegys; Rodney, Murray Bennett; Cicero Brown, John Harrington; Sis Tempy Snow, Marie Taylor; Sis Lindy Gray, Tracy L'Engle; Winnie Caldwell, Irma Caldwell; Alex Gray, Robert Strauss; Dacas Snow, Leslie M. Hunt; Dot Randolph, Grace Stephens; Selena Trail, Rosa Powell; Bee Cummings, Mary Vandiver; Polly Satterwhite, Marguerite Harding; Vashti Gatewood, Alice Bussey; Pearly Pollard, Emma Gadsden; Andy Johnson, Sterling Holloway.

HERE is a distinctive contribution to the worth-while dramatic offerings of the season. An unusual play, well acted, and unusually well staged. It is a play that should have a long and successful run. Nan Bagby Stephens calls her tragedy of two colored sisters, "a play with spirituals." It is a psychological study of religious fervor among church-going men and women of the Negro race. All of the characters represent colored people.

Chrystal Herne, as Roseanne, the religious zealot, who places the pastor of her church on a pedestal, worshipping at his shrine, puts much tenderness and understanding into the part. But the Leola of the younger sister, as created by Kathleen Comegys, is a real achievement. This young actress is destined for an exceptional career on our stage. She makes of the little, ignorant, sullen colored girl a living picture of dejection and woe. Her every movement, word, facial expression, tends to set forth a clear-cut picture of the type she portrays. She talks like a colored woman, with a thick drawl, and, incidentally, she is the only one in the cast who has the correct colored accent.

John Harrington gave a realistic characterization of the colored preacher, who, through sheer force of oratory and hypnotic power, rules his superstitious flock with hands of iron, and Murray Bennett endows the character of Cicero Brown with many pathetic, wistful qualities.

There are two particularly fine scenes. One is the church scene, during which the primitive members of the flock are wrought up into a religious frenzy by the preacher's exhortations; the other is the ineffably tender scene between the two sisters, Chrystal Herne and Kathleen Comegys, when the older of the two finds her weak little charge in a sordid room in a lodging-house.

Between the first and second act, Blaine Cordner, representing a blind singer, sings several spirituals in a satisfying baritone voice, giving to them the seriousness with which they are intended to be shaded.

One of the weak spots in this very fine play, is the anticlimax which falls flat, after the inspiring richness that has gone before.

André Charlot's Revue of 1924

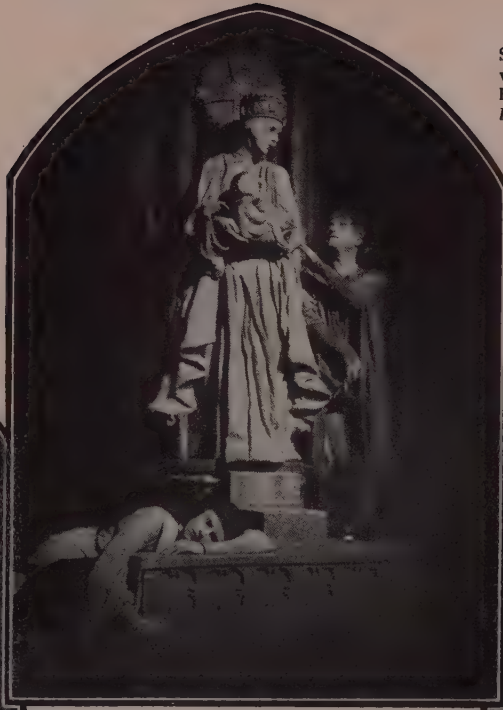
Presented by The Selwyns at the Times Square Theatre on January 9 with the following principals:

Beatrice Lillie, Jack Buchanan, Gertrude Lawrence, Marjorie Brooks, Dorothy Dolman, Fred Leslie, Robert Hobbs, Ronald Ward and Herbert Mundin.

THIS all-British revue scored tremendously on a Broadway surfeited with rubber-stamp comedy thinly spread over spectacular exhibitions of blank and beautiful chorus-girls. It is the Charlot dear to sophisticated London and

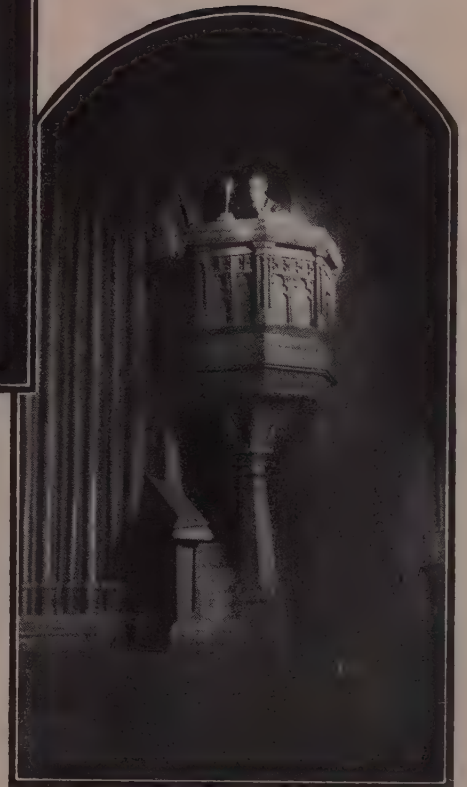
Photos by Goldberg

Safe once more from the terrors of the outside world, the Nun (Rosamonde Pinchot) throws herself at the feet of the Madonna (Lady Diana Manners). (At right) the crippled piper (Werner Krause)



(Below)

The Revolution: The Empress (Rosamonde Pinchot) is dragged to execution



The Archbishop (Luis Raine) preaches to the faithful from the cathedral pulpit



Rosamonde Pinchot as the Empress



From far and near believers flock to the vast Cathedral to see the wonder-working Image of the Virgin

THE NEW PLAY

Reinhardt's "Miracle," the Most Stupendous and Beautiful Spectacle Ever Seen Here

Three types of British chorus loveliness
(In circle) BOBBY STOREY



GLADYS
DEANE



PEGGY
WILLOUGHBY



Abbe

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

A singer of wistful voice and winning magnetism



White

JACK BUCHANAN

Singer-comedian who carries off the masculine honors

(Scene centre). Effectively "different" in grouping and costuming, the colorful and whimsical *Parisian Pierrot* episode



Cecil

BEATRICE LILLIE

Whose low-comedy reaches heights of sheer artistry

THE NEW PLAY

André Charlot's Revue of 1924, Merrie England on Forty-Second Street

entirely unadulterated for the American market. The humor is British, the personalities are British, and the chorus is sheer Piccadilly—not so pictorial as ours, possibly; but nimble and arresting. Beatrice Lillie's low comedy is irresistible. She is capable of the most varied phases of humorous characterization, a romantic tea-shop girl, an effeminate barber, an antique soubrette. One number *March with Me* descends to the basest planes of slapstick, where the winning comedienne is as riotously successful as in her subtler roguery.

Gertrude Lawrence, who shares with Miss Lillie the feminine honors, sings charmingly with a plaintive and wistful quality in her voice which is especially effective in a pictorial number *Parisian Pierrot*, and in the *Limehouse Blues* which bids fair to being one of the season's dance hits. Her insinuating *I Don't Know* provoked storms of enthusiasm. Jack Buchanan is handsome, though unsensational, as the featured man.

Following as it did the failure of the London *Nine O'Clock Revue*, Charlot's approached cautiously. But Broadway knows what it wants, and has taken the British intimate entertainment to its heart enthusiastically.

Mary Jane McKane

Musical play. Book by William Cary Duncan and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Music by Herbert Stothart and Vincent Youmans. Produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the Imperial Theatre December 25, with this cast:

Joe McGillicuddy, Hal Skelley; Maggie Murphy, Kitty Kelly; Mary Jane McKane, Mary Hay; Cash, Carrie, Keene Twins; Martin Frost, Dallas Welford; Andrew Dunn, Jr., Stanley Ridges; Doris Dunn, Laura De Cardi; Louise Dryer, Eva Clark; George Sherwin, Louis Morrell; Andrew Dunn, Sr., James Heenan.

MOST musical comedies are so inane that when one comes along with tuneful music and a well-defined plot the sheer novelty of the thing compels a certain respect.

All their heroines are Cinderellas. This one is a poor little stenographer, too pretty to get a job. She conceals her charm beneath unattractive clothes, and emerges only when she is convinced that men are attracted by pretty clothes and faces, not by pretty characters.

There are a number of clever lines; quite a few catchy song numbers, particularly the one with the idiotic title *Toodle-oo*; plenty of beautifully new and fresh costumes, for which Hammerstein productions are always noted; a bountiful crop of good-looking bobbed-hair girls, and plenty of zesty dancing.

Little Mary Hay—but a much more plump and slightly more mature Mary than the one who pranced about in the *Follies* not so many years ago—is Mary Jane McKane, and is as cute and unaffected as ever. Hal Skelley, featured with her, is funny in a loud boisterous way, working a little harder than is necessary.

The Keene twins, dancing sprites with plump bare legs, execute several clever, speedy dance numbers and Dallas Welford is amusing as the apologetic office manager who rules the place.

The subway scene in the first act lacks originality, but this is offset by the three scenes in the scenic overture, by the balcony set in the last, and the wistaria-draped Central Park arbor, where Mary Jane and her hero sit and clinch just before the final curtain.

Tilla Durieux in The Shadow

Play in three acts, by Dario Nicodemí. Presented by A. H. Woods and Lee Shubert at the Eltinge Theatre December 31, with the following cast:

Berta Tragni, Tilla Durieux; Gianettina, Polly Craig; Michael Delatti, Paul Dietz; Helene Previlla, Grete Sandheim; Gerhard Tragni, Carl Schmidt; Doctor Magre, John Feistel; Louise, M. Lange.

MME. TILLA DURIEUX, an actress of considerable repute in her native Germany, recently won the admiration of New York theatregoers at a series of special matinées. Mme. Durieux is an actress of great emotional power and much personal magnetism. *The Shadow*, by the Italian playwright Nicodemí, already familiar to the American public as the piece in which Ethel Barrymore appeared a season or two ago, is admirably suited to the German artist's power to portray human suffering in all its bitterness and intensity.

The play deals with a woman paralytic, who has been confined to a wheel chair, for six years. She idolizes her artist husband and when, through a miraculous cure, she is restored to health, she plans to visit his atelier and surprises him. She does—for here she finds him living with her best woman friend, and their child. After her rage is spent, she returns to her invalid chair, determined to remain her husband's "shadow" as she was before the cure.

At times Mme. Durieux appeared to strain her emotional powers almost to the breaking point. This, in a measure, is the fault of the author, who causes one woman to run the gamut of emotions in a brief space of time, and continuously. But it would seem that an actress, possessing a face of such extraordinary mobility as Mme. Durieux, and such an unusual gift of pantomimic expression, would find it unnecessary to tone her acting to such a pitch that she is forced to take her curtain calls panting for breath, tears running down her face, a bit unsteady on her feet because of her efforts. During her more repressed periods she was superb.

Grete Sandheim, in the rôle of the woman friend, and Carl Schmidt, as the husband, distinguished themselves by their methods of restrained acting. Paul Dietz, as the invalid's friend, John Feistel, as the doctor, and Polly Craig, the nurse, gave admirable support to the German star, who is studying English preparatory to being launched here in an English play.

Neighbors

Comedy in three acts by Leon Cunningham. Produced by Equity Players Inc. at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre on December 26, with the following cast:

Mr. Hicks, Frederick Burton; Mrs. Hicks, Josephine Hull; Phoebe Hicks, Ruth Nugent; Johnny Hicks, Tom Brown; Mr. Stone, Sidney Macy; Mrs. Stone, Helen Strickland; Crawford Stone, Warren Lyons; Lillian Stone, Helen Macks; Mrs. Blackmore, Georgie Drew Mendum; Nettie Blackmore, Alton Goodrich; The Rev. Mr. Tulliver, Bruce Elmore; Aunt Carrie, Jessie Crommette.

IF Will Shakespeare had not already copyrighted the title *Much Ado About Nothing*, it might well have been selected for this very thin comedy. It is the sort of entertainment

admirably adapted for amateur productions, but why the Equity Players chose it as their second production of the season is a mystery.

The author calls it an American comedy. It is typical of America only to the degree that Main street is typical of an American thoroughfare. The neighbors are provincial, Middle-Western folk, who squabble in a petty way. The whole play revolves about a rooster. It figures in the lives of two provincial families, and the stage is divided to show rooms in these adjacent homes. This is always an annoying arrangement, and proved so even in such a clever comedy as *Six Cylinder Love*. The prize rooster of one family rambles around in the experimental onion bed of a Burbankish professor next door, and the respective owners of the rambling rooster and the disturbed onions battle. They battle throughout the three acts, and that's all there is to the entire play.

While Mr. Cunningham refrained from using Shakespeare's title, he did not hesitate to use one of his themes—that of *Romeo and Juliet*. The Hickses and the Stones of *Neighbors* are Capulets and Montagues. The daughter of the former and the son of the latter are engaged to be married, but the family feuds disturb their romance. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* stuff is also borrowed for the settings, and Booth Tarkington's touch is seen in the actions of the two shrill-voiced children who waggle tongues at each other at every opportunity.

Josephine Hull, as the harassed, kindly wife of the Professor who tries to placate the squabblers, is convincingly effective in her rôle chiefly because of her naturalness. This is also true of Sidney Macy, who plays the husband of the belligerent wife. Jessie Crommette is amusing as the Aunt, though laughing over the maudlin antics of a character supposed to be deaf, feeble-minded and aged always seemed to me the worst possible taste.

The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly

Song-and-dance show. Words and music by George M. Cohan. Produced by George M. Cohan Comedians at the Liberty Theatre on December 25, with this cast:

Jimmy Whitney, Bobby Watson; Bob Morgan, Jack McGowan; Lillian Smith, Marjorie Lane; Kitty Jones, Dorothy Whitmore; Casparoni, Albert Gloria; Mrs. Casparoni, Adelaide Gloria; Buddie O'Reilly, Bobby O'Neill; Johnson, George Bancroft; Rosie O'Reilly, Virginia O'Brien; Polly, Mary Lawlor; Cutie Magee, Emma Haig; Pete, Georgie Hale; Mrs. Bradley, Margaret Dumont; Steve, Johnny Muldoon; Molly, Pearl Franklin; Hop Toy, Eddie Russell; Fannie, Betty Hale; Annie, Bernice Speer; Ethelbert, Tom Dingle; Gertrude, Patsy Delaney; Roscoe Morgan, Walter Edwin.

ONE George Cohan show resembles another as the proverbial pea in the pod. Rosie O'Reilly looks like all her little sisters who have gone before.

This "new American song-and-dance show" is peppy, swift-moving, colorful and entirely Cohanesque. There's the same brand of humor, the same chatter about the show, the same pretty girls, attractive costumes, whirlwind dancing, and sentimental "dear old world" dialogue.

There's dancing aplenty and most of it is well done, by the Glorias, Mary Lawlor, and other dancers. None of the musical numbers is of the catchy, lilting type one whistles after leaving the theatre. Half of the action takes place in the slums of Brooklyn, and that much-

(Continued on page 66)

World's Masterpieces Illumine London Slums

Costermongers Enjoy at the "Old Vic" Dramatic and Musical Classics for Six Cents

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

SELDOM has it been my privilege to meet a manager of theatrical enterprises who would admit that he was an altruist. To charge a manager with having gone into his business for the benefit of his health or the improvement of humanity would, in most cases, seem equivalent to an insult. The average person who "presents" our Broadway stars may have the most noble spur to his activities. But he hides his real and high æsthetic aims beneath a cloak of plain horse-sense.

It was delightful, I confess, to find one manager—a woman—who, in a shameless way did not deny that she, at least, was largely a philanthropist. You might believe her if you knew and talked with her, as I did a short time ago, in the theatre over which she has held sway now for nearly a quarter of a century. The house in question is the popular "Old Vic," dear to thousands of poor Londoners.

I doubt if, in America or Europe, there is another house with such well-founded claims on public gratitude. The "Old Vic" is the name they have given in London, to what is rightly known as the Victoria Music Hall. It is one of the most ancient London theatres. Over a hundred years ago it was the home of the Shakespearian drama. Kean and Macready in their day had played in it, before it fell into wrong hands and sank so low that many writers (one among them was Charles Dickens) mentioned it in their novels as the last word in vulgarity. It was for years a rowdy "hall," of the worst kind. Yet now it stands, like a modest outpost of high art, flashing messages of sweetness and of light to legions of untutored cockneys. In a quarter of a century it has wrought miracles.

NO NEED TO ADVERTISE

I AM myself by birth a Londoner. But, till last month I had hardly heard of the good work that the "Old Vic" was doing. For the manager of that admirable playhouse—a Miss Baylis—does not advertise in the newspapers; partly because she cannot bear the cost, but chiefly because she has no need to do so.

In 1889, when Miss Baylis took up the reins of management, a crusade began at the "Old Vic" which had as its main pur-

pose the performance of opera in English. At first all one could hear there were selections, acts and scenes, from favorite operas. The prices for admission to the two thousand or more seats were almost nominal—ranging from three pence (or six cents)

in the gallery, to a few shillings in the lordly stalls. Encouraged by the favor with which these efforts were received, Miss Baylis before long enlarged her field. As she told me a short time ago, her object in producing opera was to awaken in her

idiom of the "Bard" prevented Miss Baylis's patrons from grasping—roughly and inadequately, maybe, but unmistakably the beauty of his lines, the music of his rhythms, and the splendor of his drama.

A HOPELESS ENVIRONMENT

A WOMAN, named Miss Cons (she was Miss Baylis's aunt, by the bye) had started the movement which has thrived at the "Old Vic." But it is only now, after long years of struggle, that London has grown conscious of the achievement of the two altruists and grasped its significance. One must have seen the drab, dull horror

of the streets which stretch round it, like a shroud, to realize what the "Old Vic" has done to civilize one of the most hopeless London districts. To reach the theatre one must cross the Thames by a dark bridge, associated in innumerable melodramas with the idea of suicide. Beyond one comes to a wide thoroughfare, ill-lighted, grim and depressing. There is nothing in Chicago or New York quite as disheartening and chilling to a stranger as the Waterloo Road. The old Bowery

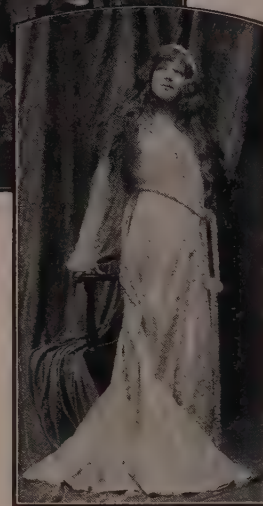
had its bars and dime museums to redeem its ugliness. But garish "pubs" and sordid shops which line the way to the "Old Vic" are unspeakably hideous. Then, of a sudden, one perceives a big brick building, in front of which flame out bright announcements of "Shakespeare" and "Opera in English." It seems incredible that the most perfervid of enthusiasts could have hoped to lure the settlers in so benighted a region from the flaunting gin-mills, the cheap "movie" houses and the low dives of other kinds which sought to woo them. Yet there is virtue in the *credo quia impossibile* which sums up true faith. What seems incredible has been accomplished at the "Old Vic."

It is not alone the very poor and wretched who frequent that theatre. In the stalls you may see many *bourgeois* folk, respectable and smug and not ill-dressed, who

(Continued on page 62)



A scene from *Henry V.* (Circle) Frank Collier as Falstaff.
(Right) Nora Delmarr as Isolde



poor but earnest audiences a love of beauty, and, through the gates of lyric drama to lead them gently on to poetic comedy and tragedy. Strange as it seems, the most noble plays and the most wondrous music-dramas have proved equally popular at the "Old Vic." When I visited that house I heard *Tristan and Isolde* sung in—well, near-English. And, a night before, I had missed a performance of *Titus Andronicus*.

Night after night, for long months past, Shakespeare and Wagner had been drawing eager crowds to a sad London suburb. Not one or two, but all of Shakespeare's plays—thirty-six of them, with *Pericles*—had been presented by Miss Baylis and her associates. Huge audiences had listened to them reverently. And, better still, they had enjoyed them honestly. What in the West End of the town would (to quote a dead manager) have spelt bankruptcy had brought prosperity of an artistic, if not a financial kind, to a theatre on the Surrey side of London. I am assured that even the costermongers who abound in the neighborhood of the "Old Vic" have now and then of late been known to quote scraps of lines from *Hamlet* and to whistle (in their own artless way) bits of *leit-motifs* from *Siegfried* and *The Valkyrie*. No one seemed bored on the occasion of my visit to the "Old Vic" by *Tristan's* death scene. Nor had the old and, to many, the archaic

At the age of
ten

At the age of seven



At twenty-two

In *The Circle*As Petruchio
in *The Taming
of the Shrew*In *Butterflies*In *The Second in Command*As the King in
*Love's Labour
Lost*In *Richard
Carvel*

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—NO. 17 JOHN DREW

John Drew was born in Philadelphia and made his stage début there in *Cool as a Cucumber*. He became a member of Augustin Daly's company, playing Shakespearean rôles as well as *The Lady of Lyons*, *Divorce*, and other plays. In 1892 he went under the management of the late Charles Frohman and was starred in *The Masked Ball*. While under this management his other successes were *Rosemary*, *The Liars*, *The Second in Command*, *The Mummy* and *the Humming Bird*, *Captain Dieppe*, *The Duke of Killiecrankie*, *DeLancey*, *His House in Order*, *My Wife*, *Inconstant George*, *Smith*, *A Single Man*, and *The Chief*. His most recent appearances have been in *The Circle*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Cat Bird*. (Motif by Lyman Brown)

What We Are Looking For

Broadway's Famous Managers Tell What Kind of Plays They Want—and Why

WITH theatre managers the choice of a play is a hit-or-miss gamble. The public they seek to attract is a difficult taskmaster but, when pleased, a generous one. The following is the second of a series of authoritative and interesting monographs, in which our best known producers tell what they are looking for.—Editor.

By EDGAR SELWYN



IT seems to me that the play which deals directly and simply with familiar things is the greatest need of the American theatre today. Young authors turning to the dramatic form of writing are intrigued by the romance of unfamiliar countries; historical incidents; characters lifted from periods past, but it is a mistake for the beginner to yield to such an allurements. The inexperienced dramatist has enough rough corners to turn without thus deliberately hewing a difficult path. He should write of life as he knows it and not

of life as he has read about it in the pages of history or romance. It is a great mistake to strain for theatrical effects when writing for the stage. More simplicity is what the theatre needs. Beyond this it is difficult to define the elements of success in writing plays. That is to say, one cannot state that comedy is more likely to be successful than melodrama, or that melodrama has a greater chance for success than the romantic play. The thing that matters is the idea and the freshness with which it is presented. No manager is looking for any one form of play. But every manager is looking for originality; cleverness; and spontaneity. For example: I may have decided that my next production should be a comedy. Immediately following such a decision a drama may come into my hands. It may be a play of such worth that it cannot be denied production. Finding in it a story of charm; a treatment that is fresh; characterizations that are fine, what would it matter to me that I had decided beforehand that it was about time to present a comedy? Nothing whatever. For, as old friend Bill Shakespeare so aptly put it: "The play's the thing."

By GEORGE BROADHURST



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IN the first place, my dear aspiring playwrights, I wish to impress upon you that, no matter how charming and delightful a play you may write, and no matter how wonderful your message to the world in dramatic form may be, it will be of no use to you, to the producer or to the stage, *unless it can pay its way.*

If a thousand copies of a book are sold in New York, the same number in Chicago, five hundred in San Francisco, fifty in Richmond, ten in Rock Island, and so forth, the book can struggle along and perhaps work itself into a success, but if a play interests only a thousand people in a city there will be no one in the theatre on the second night, it must inevitably be withdrawn, and a production in the storehouse is the most useless thing in the world.

Although some prurient plays succeed, the plays that live the longest are the clean ones, those that bring laughter to the lips and tears to the eyes. The heart of the great American public is still sound, and the playwright who can reach that heart will write his name in indelible letters on the scroll of the drama.

Bear in mind that any rule of playwriting can be broken if you interest the public and that so far as construction is concerned, the dogma of yesterday is the rejected of today.

The ideal actual playing time is two hours. This may be roughly calculated by allowing a minute for each page of manuscript, but a better way is to read and walk through it.

Just as love is the heart of life, so it is the heart of the drama. A great love story on the stage has never failed.

By JOHN GOLDEN



AMERICAN plays of American home life by American authors which are made up of fun and philosophy, and, at the same time, are one hundred per cent clean—

That's what I've got my eye out for all the time.

There's enough drama and humor in America to keep the aspiring, young playwright away from unhealthy themes, and I hope this limitation does not seem provincial.

I advise the aspiring young playwright to study the game before writing a play. Perhaps get on the stage—you can't play baseball unless you've been on the diamond.

Go to the theatre.

If you're poor, get in the gallery. Only go.

See as many bad plays as you can stand; learn by the other fellow's mistakes.

Love the theatre.

Read all the plays you can, from Sophocles to Winchell Smith.

Practice by writing short scenes before trying an extended play.

Get a cheap edition of a Sheridan comedy, tear out a scene, paste it on paper; then rewrite it in your own words. Work till you're tired and never get tired.

Then get an idea and write a play which will show such technique that we producers won't rise up and curse you.

From my formula have come a series of plays from *Lightnin'*, the world's record comedy, to *Seventh Heaven* and *Chicken Feed* now playing in New York City.

By LAWRENCE LANGNER



THE Theatre Guild has often had to meet the charge that it is not interested in the works of American authors; rumor has it that there is a conspicuous and spacious wastepaper basket at the Garrick theatre marked "FOR AMERICAN PLAYS"; and that upon receipt of a MSS. in the original Jugo-Slavic or Mesopotamian language, there is a rush for the translator (or the play is translated by Mr. Lee Simonson), and the Guild then gives so much attention to psychoanalyzing the author that it has no time to waste on the American manuscripts which pour in at the rate of a hundred a day.

But this rumor is founded only upon the plays produced by the Guild, and not upon the plays read by the Guild; if plays were selected by us on the basis of the quantity we read, we should produce ten American plays for each foreign play.

Our failure to produce more American plays in the past is mainly due to the fact that American dramatists have only recently commenced to write the kind of plays in which we are interested.

The Guild has no rules regarding the selection of plays; it is, however, safe to assume that the type of play already given by the Guild is just the type it will wish to avoid for the future, for the Guild does not wish to repeat itself. The play which is peopled with characters, instead of with types; which is related to life; and which gives one something to think about as well as to enjoy; that is the play we are looking for—and it can be of any period, in three acts or thirty, tragedy or comedy, melodrama or farce. With us, the play, and not the form, is the thing.

KYRA

whose dancing in *Artists and Models* produces gasps of admiration and astonishment, acquired her exoticism through long study in the Far East, whither she hied as soon as she understood that an Oriental dancer doesn't belong in Memphis, Tennessee



RAGINI DEVI

dancer, singer, instrumentalist and a beautiful and cultivated Hindu, who has come to America at the suggestion of Tagore, to interpret the moving message of traditional Indian song and dance to the jazz-mad camel-walking world



De Mirjian

Goldberg

PRINCESS NYOTA INYOKA

whose bronze and sculptural little figure is not always as immobile as in this charming moment of idolatry. Of the royal blood of the East, her artistic dance recitals have struck rich notes of beauty and authority



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THE EAST MEETS THE WEST

Oriental Dancers Who Have Captured Occidental Acclaim

No Professional Jealousy at the Stage Door Inn

Stars Help the "Broke" Actress Practise with Profit the Art of Waiting She Learned in Agents' Offices

By ADA PATTERSON

"SHALL I give her a tip?" asked the prominent playwright.

"No." Horror and rebuke blended in my tone.

The prominent playwright turned to his other guest, an illustrator. She shook a shocked head.

The playwright obeyed his inward monitor. He placed, unostentatiously, two shining silver coins beside his plate. They peeped out from their semi-hiding place beneath the rim of his crumb-flecked plate.

The pretty young thing with ravishing contours and large luminous eyes who brought our tea and lemon and cakes, cast a flattering glance upon him, drew the coins from their semi-hiding place, dropped them into the pocket of a wisp white apron, and courtesied.

The playwright was too courteous to utter the irritating words "I told you so," but his gray eyes held something as nearly exasperating, the gleam of triumph. A troubling question was answered. A stalking ghost was laid.

MAINTAINING DIGNITY

DID the actresses temporarily out of work and enjoying the tide-over aid of the National Stage Woman's Exchange accept tips? They did. There's a reason, a sound economic one. Ethel Barrymore, the honorary president, David Belasco the godfather, Minnie Dupree and Julia Hoyt, vice-presidents, Frank Gillmore, John Emerson, John Drew, George C. Tyler, Augustus Thomas, E. F. Albee and all in council, at the formation period, discussed the important subject. Ten dollars a week for waiting upon the table and no tips, or half that sum as a wage and tips *ad infinitum*? Which would be more profitable to the players who were crossing the bridge over the chasm of hard times? There was discussion. Speeches were made about the dignity of the artist. Speeches that must have had a reminiscent echo in Frank Gillmore's ears for such speeches were made at the time of the first actors' strike. The labor element won as it won in the actors' strike.

"A smaller wage and all the tips" voted the officers and directors and committees of the National Stage Woman's Exchange. So it came about that the girl with the bewitching contours and the large, luminous eyes courtesied to the prominent playwright and accepted his large, silver coins.

To accept tips and still maintain personal dignity is a difficult bit of Thespian rope walking. Tip taking is accepted as a social line of demarkation, a Rubicon that must not be crossed. Yet there is a fine art of evasion. Its instrument is a

transfer of terms. The Actors' Fund successfully adopted it when it determined never to refer to those whom the Actors' Fund Home shelters as "inmates" but always as "guests of the profession." It was a kindly and a triumphant juggling of terms. The actress who is temporarily out of work suffers no diminution of self-esteem if she receives tips in one capacity. As a waitress, no. A thousand times, no.



Would Cleopatra take a tip?

As "hostess" yes, as many tips as are proffered. It is a subtle point but not incomprehensible. Because of a shading of phraseology the young person with the delicious contours and the limpid eyes courtesied and accepted the gratuity with the consent of the governing board and her self-esteem.

Two years ago Margaret Allen, a young actress who knew the privations of that dim land "The Road," and the thousand uncertainties of the dramatic art, conceived the idea of affording other channels of activity for actresses who had not "signed for the season" or who had "made a personal success in a play that failed." In the small front room of her flat she opened an Exchange for actresses' work. She well knew that actresses are the most accomplished among women. Usually they are good cooks, good housekeepers, good seamstresses. They are linguists, elocutionists, musicians. How turn these accomplishments into gainful "side-lines" for Thespians? Miss Allen offered her little front room as a clearing-house for the un-

used lesser talents of actresses out of their usual employment. But capital was needed. Space was needed. Co-operation was needed. Miss Allen sought the niece of the veteran actress, Ida Vernon. Anita Clarendon heartily approved the plan. She joined forces with Miss Allen. Now for prestige; for a name that all managers and dramatic artists and the public knew, one that held for them the familiarity of the alphabet, a lever for the early momentum of many causes—Hilda Spong. Miss Spong's warm heart was quickly enlisted. Her world-circling social acquaintance was invoked.

AVERTED TRAGEDIES

WHEREFORE the National Stage Woman's Exchange was established. Pictures painted by actresses, lingerie made by them, sweaters crocheted by them, bed slippers knitted by them, fudge deliciously cooked over their gas burners, were placed on sale at the house which had been the home of Governor Charles L. Whitman, at 43 West Forty-seventh Street.

Two years ago the National Stage Woman's Exchange opened the gubernatorial home. The shop of the Exchange was open in the basement. But the vital feature was the restaurant in the two rooms on the main floor. That was christened The Stage Door Inn. A few rooms afforded temporary lodging for the homeless. There were rooms that would serve for lectures or rehearsals.

Daniel Frohman told the officers and directors and committees that their work is as good and deserving of public support as that of the Actors' Fund. Higher praise could not D. F., incessantly, and cross-continentally, active for the Fund, bestow. So was the work begun. "Mother" Allen, widowed mother of the founder and president, Miss Margaret Allen, and experienced in the management of homes for working girls, was installed as chaperone. It was she who saved the life of one of the Exchange's wards.

A dark-haired young player climbed weakly up the stairs. "Is there a place for me here?" she asked. "I don't know that there is anything now," responded Mother Allen "but—"

"Then I might as well do what I had intended to do before I came. This was my last hope." The girl opened her shabby bag. Her nervous fingers lifted two pellets to her lips. Mother Allen is seventy-two but she dashed the pellets from the girl's hand, gathered them from the floor and flung them through the open window.

"Never mind whether there is a place
(Continued on page 58)



Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

ELSIE JANIS

*Temporarily lost to the stage, the spirited mimic
is being heard in concert recital this season*

The Play That Is Talked About



Tondeleyo (Annette Margules) to Langford (Richard Stevenson): Awyla, you kiss me once more and I go quick

White Cargo

A Play of the Primitive in Three Acts by Leon Gordon

BLAZING sunshine, sand, damp rot, the cruel and relentless forces of nature combine to make the West Coast of Africa the White Man's Grave. Langford (the latest recruit sent out by a Rubber Company) puts up a good fight, but in the end the soul-destroying atmosphere is too much for him. Like the rest, he takes the line of least resistance, and succumbs to the wiles of Tondeleyo, a notorious half-breed. True, he marries her, but his defeat is none the less real for all that; this soulless union does not deceive Witzel, whose cynicism had foretold Langford's downfall from the beginning. Tondeleyo's crude mentality has grasped one of the tenets of matrimony, "Till death us do part," and she determines to speed things up a bit. With this object in view, she tries to poison her lover, but is surprised in the act by Witzel, and forced to swallow the mixture she had prepared from deadly local herbs. Langford is shipped home, as "White Cargo," in a state of unconsciousness. Printed by courtesy of Earl Carroll and the author. Copyright, 1923: Leon Gordon. Condensation by Mary James.

THE CAST

(As presented at the Greenwich Village Theatre by Earl Carroll)

The Doctor	Conway Wingfield
Witzel	A. E. Anson
Ashley	Frederick Roland
The Missionary	J. Malcolm Dunn
The Skipper	Curtis Karpe
The Engineer	Tracy Barrow
Langford	Richard Stevenson
Tondeleyo	Annette Margules
Worthing	John Bohn
Jim Fish	Chief White Hawk

ACT I. Scene I. Interior of a bungalow on the West Coast of Africa. An afternoon in December. The Doctor appears on the stoop, vigorously mopping his brow, and walking slowly to the table; he pours himself out a drink. When Witzel comes in, he greets him with a slight nod. By this time he is seated, and contentedly smoking a cigar.

DOCTOR: So he's really going today.

WITZEL: I suppose so. If the tub doesn't run on the mud.

DOCTOR: The water seems even lower than usual.

WITZEL: The damned river is running dry. Why when I first came here—seven years ago—seven years ago—

DOCTOR (*musingly*): Seven years. That's a long time.

WITZEL: It's an eternity in this God-forsaken strip of hell.

DOCTOR: Why don't you go back?

WITZEL (*quickly*): Why don't you? (*The Doctor shrugs.*) Exactly. (*Pause.*)

DOCTOR: You were speaking of the river.

WITZEL: There's not much of it left to speak of. The water used to come up to within a

hundred yards of that stoop— Soon there won't be enough water for the old tub to make her afternoon trip—then we shall be cut right off—until the next rainy season.

DOCTOR: I don't think even I could bear that. Always around the sixteenth of the month I begin to get restless and on the seventeenth I find myself continually looking up stream. And when eventually I see that little cloud of black smoke rising from the bend the blood seems to run quicker in my veins. I know she's just a broken-down old river tramp, but to me she means freedom. (*Rises. With pathetic enthusiasm.*) Witzel, one day she's going to take me back—back among people whose souls are not rotted by this damned pitiless sun.

The Doctor tells Witzel he has a "touch of fever" and advises him to go home, but Witzel is determined to stick it out until he has completed his ten years. "Three more years and I'll own twenty thousand shares in the company—then you can all go to hell, and I guess I don't have to worry." The Doctor tells him that three more years will finish him. They discuss Ashley, and Witzel attacks him with his usual cynicism. Three whistles are heard, announcing the arrival of the boat, and Ashley enters in a state of excitement bordering on hysteria.

ASHLEY: She's coming, she's coming! In a few minutes from now she'll put off a boat and take



LEON GORDON
Author of *White Cargo*



DE PACHMANN
(*Allegro*)



PADEREWSKI
(*Fortissimo*)



RACHMANINOFF
(*Legato*)



HOFMANN
(*Staccato*)

THE MASTER PIANO-WRECKERS

Frank di Gioia's Impressions of Our Leading Emperors of the Keys

me back. I'm going home, Doctor, I'm going home.

A nervous wreck, Ashley is momentarily restored by a stiff hooker of brandy given him by the Doctor, and grows sentimental over the old country, now that Witzel has left them alone. The Missionary arrives, having come to wish Ashley Godspeed. The ship's whistle is heard, and Witzel reappears. Ashley rushes off excitedly, followed by the Doctor.

WITZEL: What's wrong at the Mission?

MISSIONARY: Rifles and ammunition stolen again. I tracked them deep into the bush, but of course it was hopeless.

WITZEL: Sure. As hopeless as your futile attempts to civilize the swine. Cut out the prayer, Mr. Parson, and use the whip. It's more effective.

MISSIONARY (*doggedly*): They've got to be helped.

WITZEL: Well, you're doing it all right. Every time they sneak one of your rifles you help them to take a pot-shot at us from behind a bush. You act as a sort of unpaid gun-runner for them.

MISSIONARY: But you see I try to get their confidence by placing confidence in them.

WITZEL: Well, now try to get your guns back by placing the fear of hell in them. It will work quicker.

MISSIONARY: I—I wish you wouldn't keep telling me things which, despite all my principles, I am beginning to believe. Witzel, you're a bad influence on a man of my calling. Even worse than the solitude of the mission.

WITZEL: But why *so much* solitude? A woman might break the monotony.

MISSIONARY: Could you ask any woman to endure this?

WITZEL: No white woman.

MISSIONARY: You are not suggesting that I—

WITZEL: Why not?—We all come to mammy-palaver sooner or later.

MISSIONARY: Not all. . . .

They go on to discuss Tondeleyo, a notorious harlot, who has proved the undoing of more than one white man on the West Coast. Sounds of the surf boat ashore are heard, and the Skipper appears, followed by the Engineer and several natives, who are laden with luggage. The Doctor and Ashley enter. The Engineer sorts the mail, and the Doctor is the only one left out, much to his chagrin. Langford, who has come out to relieve Ashley, arrives full of enthusiasm, but Witzel makes it his business to disillusion him.

WITZEL: We all come out with ideas of what we are going to do, but in the end we do just the same as the other fellow. It's just a matter of time until the damp rot sets in.

LANGFORD: Damp rot?

WITZEL: Do you see that beam? Looks solid doesn't it? (*He goes to wall and taps it sharply. The woodwork crumbles and rattles to the floor in an almost powdered form.*) That's damp rot.

LANGFORD: What causes it?

WITZEL: Climate. Moisture. And men react to it in almost the same way. (*He points to Doctor.*) There's a fair example of it over there. He was once a pretty big surgeon. Now he's less than a horse-doctor. Damp rot. It's got me in another form. And it's going to get you as sure as you are sure it won't.

LANGFORD (*smiles confidently*): Let's talk about something pleasant.

WITZEL: And I tell you how it will start.

LANGFORD (*lightly*): Well, that's interesting.

WITZEL: You'll cut out shaving regularly.

LANGFORD: I doubt it.

WITZEL: I know it. Then you won't bother to keep your clothes clean. Have you noticed ours? LANGFORD: You are quite disreputable.

WITZEL: And as the monotony grows your temper gets shorter. You'll take it out on the niggers physically and on the few white men you'll meet mentally. You'll stagnate and you'll deteriorate, and in the end you'll mammy-palaver.

LANGFORD: That's where you're wrong. When I came out here I knew more or less what I was coming to. I knew it wasn't a life of kid gloves and soft cushions. And I knew the conditions I'd have to fight—and I tell you, Witzel, I'm going to fight them. I'm white and I'm going to stay white. I'm going to keep myself clean if I have to take the last drop of water out of



White

CONWAY WINGFIELD
as the derelict doctor

your damned river. Africa is going to be my home for a few years and I'm going to make it livable, and no woman, black or white, could ever make your prophecy come true.

Scene II. That night Langford, Ashley, Witzel, the Doctor, the Missionary, the Skipper and the Engineer are all seated round the table, having finished their meal. A scene of wild hilarity follows.

LANGFORD: Do you fellows drink as much as this—every night?

DOCTOR (*emphatically*): Unfortunately—no!

MISSIONARY: Far too much alcohol is consumed by the men of the West Coast. Even you, Doctor, must admit that to be true.

DOCTOR: Well, it's more healthful to be sober—although perhaps not quite so—pleasant.

MISSIONARY: Langford, I advise you to try to do without it.

LANGFORD: I don't think that will be difficult.

WITZEL: You'll unthink a hell of a lot of things, Langford, before you get down to earth. We're all supermen when we first come out.

The ship's whistle is again heard. "All aboard," says the Skipper, and he picks up the unconscious Ashley and exits, accompanied by everyone except the Doctor and Langford. They chat as Langford unpacks, and the Doctor fixes a dose of quinine for him, before he takes his departure for the night. Left alone Langford continues his unpacking, when he is arrested by a sound—and turning his head he sees the

figure of a native girl outlined against the open door. "I am Tondeleyo," she says, with a provocative smile.

ACT II. Scene I. Eight months later. Langford is stretched upon the wicker couch, listlessly fanning himself. One glance is enough to see his sadly changed morale, and even the improvements he made in the room on arrival are not as evident as they were. He shouts directions to a native servant who doesn't understand a word, and is getting desperate when the Doctor appears and tells the nigger to clear out. Langford tells the Doctor it already seems years since he came out.

DOCTOR: It is my duty to tell you that you should arrange to have yourself relieved. The insomnia that you have gone through in the last few months has left you physically open to any kind of fever that drifts along. There is only one safe course—go home.

LANGFORD (*half-hysterically*): I won't, I won't, I WON'T. My mind is made up and I'm going to see this thing through if it's the last thing I ever do.

DOCTOR: But why?

LANGFORD: Because everybody keeps telling me I can't do it. Every letter entreats me to come back, as if I were some little child without any will of my own. Then Roberts on the few occasions I see him talks of nothing but *quitting*, as if it were a foregone conclusion that I *would*. And worst of all—*Witzel*. Oh, I tell you, Doctor, I loathe Witzel as I didn't think it is possible for one human being to loathe another. I hate everything about him; his sneer; his contempt, and above all his prophecies. Never a day passes that he doesn't say, "Well, are you ready to run home?" And he says it in the same way with exactly the same intonations. Doctor, I am going to tell you something which will probably make you think there is something wrong with my mentality. I find myself waiting for Witzel to say certain things to me in certain ways, and I always seem to know what he's going to say next.

DOCTOR (*with a half-smile*): Yes?

LANGFORD: Yes, isn't that funny. And it's beginning to get on my nerves. You know for weeks at a time he's the only white man I see, and sometimes in spite of myself I have to discuss things with him, and it always ends up in an argument to which he adds, "and that proves you are ready to go home."

DOCTOR (*soothingly*): Of course he is a little difficult.

LANGFORD: I think he's a swine. But I have one revenge. I've stayed white, and he hasn't—and I know that hurts him.

The Doctor warns Langford that he is letting his dislike of Witzel become an obsession. At that moment the latter's voice is heard outside, and Langford goes off to shave—"It's one of his damn prophecies I'll never let come true." When Witzel comes in the Doctor tries to persuade him to be more amiable with Langford, and warns him that he is afraid of his mental condition. In spite of this warning they "have words" as soon as Langford returns.

LANGFORD: —I'm feeling kind of rotten today, but I'll be all right when I'm acclimatized.

WITZEL (*frantically*): My God, there you go again with your damned "acclimatized." Isn't there any other word in the English language but "acclimatize, acclimatize, acclimatize"?

Witzel goes off in a fury, and after a lengthy discussion with the Doctor which is interrupted

(Continued on page 48)

(Below) Mistinguett is fingerprinted. The popular Parisienne's study of night-life in New York takes her to court where, just for fun, finger-prints are taken of the bewitching guest-actress who is now delighting America



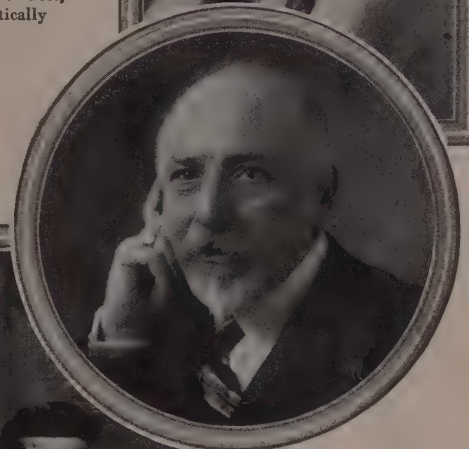
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(Below) Kathleen Key, granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, sets out, via the movies, to acquire new glory for her distinguished family, having made a decided impression in two new films, *Reno* and *The Rendezvous*



© Underwood

(Above) Lady Diana versus Princesse Matchabelli. The beautiful Britain wins over the fair Florentine in the lottery of which shall play the Madonna in Max Reinhardt's *The Miracle*. The producer himself is holding the hat, while Morris Gest, at his right, smiles enigmatically



© Marceau

(Right) The authors of *In the Next Room* engaged at their collaboration. Harriet Ford and Eleanor Robson (Mrs. August Belmont), who have accomplished the mystery play of the season and compounded new terrorizing thrills for the jaded metropolitan theatre-goer.



White

(Above) Luigi Pirandello, Italy's great modern dramatist, who is in New York to see the production of his *Henry the Fourth*, and is receiving homage for his previous contribution to its theatre, the interesting artistic success *Six Characters in Search of an Author*

IN THE CONVERSATIONAL REVUE

•Personalities Prominent in the Current Talk of the Town

C · I · N · E · M · A

Why Don't the Movies Move? An Inquiry Into the Reasons Why There Are so Few Good Pictures

By HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

CONCURRENTLY with the discovery of the cinema by the *intelligentsia* that famous query was propounded: "What is wrong with these pictures?" The problem was taken from the hearts of the masses, whose darling the cinema is, and the classes uttered the answer, "The pictures lack intelligence."

Thus began the struggle between the highbrows and the lowbrows for the possession of the screen. The result of this war was that the evolution of the new medium of expression was diverted from its natural channels of growth and twisted and squeezed into the hybrid, unnatural thing that it is today. And in this shape it will remain until the rigid molds that cramp and confine it are broken.

THE cinema has suffered, not from too little intelligence, but from too much intelligence, wrongly applied. The world's greatest painters mixed brains with their paints, but if they had listened to the intellectuals they would have rationalized all emotion from their work and become the draughtsmen of algebraic daubs. Aesthetics spring from a love of beauty, not a love of reason. And the "thinkers" insisted on reason in the cinema. "What you show is not true to life!" they cried. "Make the movies real!" Thus was set the standard of logic which has prevented the cinema from becoming an art in its own right. The goal of art is not truth, but beauty.

I AM not appealing in behalf of a fine art for the masses. My concern is for the thing in itself, the cinema as a medium of æsthetic expression. Although I have been closely identified with the writing and producing of moving pictures for the past ten years, I cannot join the chorus of the converted *literati* who, enthusiastically waving their cheques for the "movie rights," shout the praises of "this Great Art which is still in its infancy." If by being in its infancy they mean that the cinema in its present form appeals primarily to infantile minds that are almost devoid of æsthetic impulses, I am inclined to agree with them. The longer the pictures continue to borrow the popular fictional trash of these selfsame *literati* the longer will they remain infantile. When they borrow the plays and novels of genius they enter the rarified realms of ideation and then—cease to move.

IT may not be necessary to point out that the two classes, the *intelligentsia* and the *literati*, are not co-terminous. The former began their attack upon the motion-pictures by animadverting upon the quality of screen stories. The picture producers, for once blind to their own best interests, believed

might be to active life. In the crude drawings on the walls of caves man's will to creation had first expressed itself. For thousands of years the range of this creative medium was limited to the representation of birds, animals and their hunters, the likenesses being highly conventionalized. But creative genius ever seeks wider horizons and painting gradually freed itself from its bondage. Life, in its myriad manifestations, impinged against a million canvases and was held in a vivid flash. But painting, poignant though it may be, is, nevertheless, inert Beauty. Of the beauty of motion—throbbing life with its manifold moods of contrast—it holds nothing. Not even the skilled brushes of a Cézanne or a Picasso can do aught but capture an infinitesimal fraction of the great curve of life. The cinematograph might present the whole sweep and fury of the world, and in its early beginnings it promised to do so.



James Doolittle

THEODORE KOSLOFF

Whose screen characterizations stamp him as an actor of power and distinction, has also achieved just fame as dancer and ballet-master

that the *intelligentsia* could guide them in making the movies "artistic." So, upon their advice, the *literati* were called in. Novels and plays that bore the cachet of popular names were turned into celluloid. To the horror of their authors, they were distorted in the process. But the distortion was not great enough. The result was not screen plays, but stage plays and novels thrown on the screen. It was then that the progress of moving pictures was halted. The cinema became the slave of its elder sisters, the drama and literature.

IN its early form the moving picture was really a thing of movement. In the trotting horses, the diving boys, the onrushing express trains, it showed its potential quality as an expressive art. What painting and sculpture were to static life the cinema

that arouse an emotion in the spectator by their immanent convolutions. After its appearance the creative instinct lagged. The day of the plot in the screen play began and when the task of interpreting an emotion—or a thought—in terms of action became slightly arduous the subtitle was thrown into the breach.

YET all might have gone well with the motion-pictures if the *intelligentsia* had not pressed too closely against the stripling art. The occasional subtitle served its purpose, and its influence as an explanatory aid might have been beneficial in opening still broader fields of expression had its importance not been overstressed. The thoughtful ones looked soberly at the screen and then demanded Shakespeare. So Shakespeare was done into pictures. But what is the Bard without his magic words? The



An effective study in grouping and lighting, arranged by
Alfred Cheney Johnston and Alan Dwan

Carol Dempster, Colonial
heroine of D. W. Griffith's
historical spectacle *America*



Charles Ogle and
Lila Lee in the
Paramount picture
After the Show

Doolittle

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN

A Hint of the Pictorial Possibilities of the Artistic Motion Picture

words appeared—in subtitles. Those who loved Shakespeare resented the elisions in the text and the brief pictures that intermittently interrupted it; and those who loved the pictures for what they might become believed that Shakespeare should remain—Shakespeare, a great poet who wrote for speaking actors and not for mute ones.

THIS, then, is what we see in our picture theatres today. If the play is adapted from the Ibsenian stage we are shown photographs of men and women moving their mouths. And every time a mouth opens the picture is blotted out and white letters against a black background appear on the screen. We read the speech, sometimes aloud if the printed word does not make instant contact with our thought centers, and again look at the men and women with the moving lips. It is in this type of screen play that the *intelligentsia* see the future glory of the cinema. It is this type of picture for which they are responsible and which sounded the death-knell of the cinema as a creative art.

OPPOSED to such a picture is the one that is adapted from the so-called novel or stage play of action. Here again the printed words on the screen play a necessary part, but they are somewhat relieved by movement. The characters occasionally shoot, strangle, or otherwise maltreat one another. If the novel is from the Elinor Glyn school they kiss from the first reel to the last. Of course it is largely balderdash, nonsense of the most childish sort, but in itself it contains something of the essential attribute of the moving picture. Although the mirror that it holds up to nature is flawed and cracked it, nevertheless, reflects something of life as it moves swiftly by. It is puerile and stupid, but to some extent it moves. That this type of picture is lacking in the intelligence that the Ibsenian one displays, is not its chief weakness. It lacks an even more vital thing—artistic imagery.

THE screen today does little more than borrow. Its flashes of creation have been few. Without them we might well despair of the cinema and leave it to the dullards who have made of it an aping giant that utters neither truth nor fancy. But through the rifts in the murk we may see the promise of the future.

There are a few artists who have created beauty in their cinema plays, authentic beauty that was stirred to life by its own inner motion and that did not need the reflector of a static art to give it radiance. The D. W. Griffith who produced *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance* and the old Biograph one-reelers, (not he of the later opera *The Orphans of the Storm* and *The White Rose*) seemed at one time to have discovered the secret of this new medium. In the curving arm of the mother that slowly appeared from the doorway and slipped around the bowed shoulders of her soldier son, in the thundering ride of the clansmen, and in the girl who drooped to her death beside the strutting doves, he cre-



A grouping of exceptional beauty and artistic quality, celestial extras at rest, showing the occasional triumph of the camera over other pictorial mediums. Photograph by James Doolittle

ated unforgettable moving pictures of an inherent aesthetic quality. Rex Ingram and Eric von Stroheim have each contributed their moments of inspiration to the screen in utilizing motion itself to evoke emotion. But the moments have soon passed, almost lost in the conventional technique of the picture play itself.

BUT these three directors, together with Ernst Lubitsch and Cecil B. De Mille, possess one high quality that has placed them in the forefront of their contemporaries. It is their ability to handle large masses of people, to paint huge canvases of life that are bounded only by the far horizon. But the profession as a whole has fallen prone before the fetish of "mob scenes." While the "spectacle" partakes more of the true quality of the cinema in that it depends primarily upon motion for its appeal, it is, nevertheless, constructed upon the fallacy that there is greater dramatic intensity in a thousand maddened people than in two. In the hands of a mediocre director this may well be true, so far as his individual work is concerned. A

certain subtle artistry is required in the effective handling of small groups that need not be invoked when many hundreds of people are dashing about the scene.

I do not mean to disparage the undoubted talents of a Griffith or a De Mille because they have done their best work in directing huge crowds. That would be on a par with depreciating the genius of a great mural painter because his brushes were too large to execute fine miniatures. Mr. De Mille shows his greatest skill in creating "spectacles." In *The Ten Commandments* he has given us an epic of the screen that is rich in scenes of grandeur. The Exodus from Egypt is masterfully handled by the director, assisted by camera trickery that

rises to veritable genius. There are moments of awful splendor in this picture that have never been surpassed in the cinema. But the thrilling prolog is followed by "modern" scenes that have their tawdry counterpart in a thousand other movies. It would have been better for Mr. De Mille's reputation as an artist and for the pleasure of the sympathetic spectator had the picture closed when Moses broke the holy tables, for when they were shattered the director faced about and bent his knee to those calves of gold—the movie fans.

CHARLES RAY produced one picture, *The Girl I Loved*, that was al-

most pure cinematography. In perfect pantomime, delicately shaded to give every nuance of emotion, he brought the art of visual expression to a higher plane than any it had ever reached. The aspiration and the accomplishment were solidly welded. But what seemed to be a new standard for measuring other creative efforts in motion-pictures became merely an experiment that the industry regarded with indifference.

CHARLES CHAPLIN, the most original artist that the cinema has yet known, proved that he realized the possibilities of the moving picture when he turned author-director and gave the public *A Woman of Paris*. The story, almost trite in character, gained its effect by the manner in which it was told. With a sparing use of subtitles Chaplin turned his puppets into living men and women. The clash of their instincts and desires was portrayed by the movements of their bodies and their spatial relation to the background. The smile on the lips of his sympathetic libertine (in himself a startling departure from movie

(Continued on page 54)

The distinguished legitimate star, Clare Eames, appears as the queen in Mary Pickford's *Dorothy Vernon*



Anna Q. Nilsson, one of the screen's finest actresses, who has consistently refused stellar honors



Neil Hamilton plays a prominent part in Griffith's forthcoming *America*, an historical spectacle which has aroused great interest

Peters

Seely

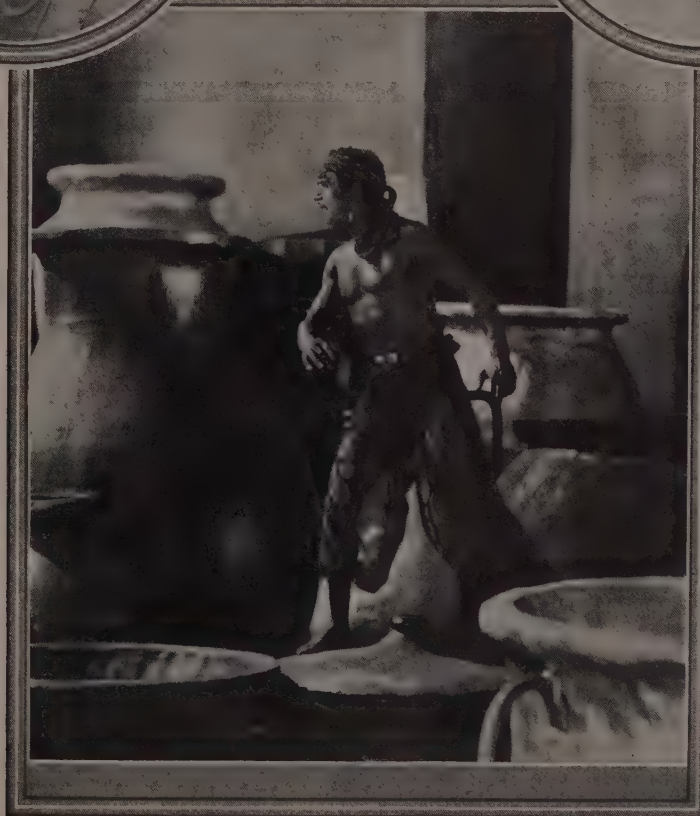


Talent and beauty are satisfactorily combined in the person of Colleen Moore

Monroe

Wanda Hawley, one of the most beautiful and gifted of the screen's exquisite blondes

Waxman



Then *Robin Hood*—now *The Thief of Bagdad*, Douglas Fairbanks continues his predatory career as the screen's most charming rascal

PICTURE PLAYS AND PERSONALITIES

Artistes and Feature Films Which Are Occupying the Center of Public Interest

M . U . S . I . C

The Tragedy of the Wagnerians—A French Novelty Stirs the Metropolitan

By ADRIAN PELHAM

THE Wagnerian Opera Company arrived, played two weeks at the Manhattan Opera House, and then collapsed. Perhaps by this time it may have undergone a reorganization, and may again be on the boards, but the moral remains the same—opera in New York is either a fad or a fashion. Despite its six million people, New York will support only one institution—the Metropolitan. Oscar Hammerstein tried it and lasted four years because French opera was then a fad. The fad faded and Hammerstein was saved from bankruptcy by the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan. The Chicago Opera Company tried it and only the wealth of Harold McCormack was able to pay the deficit. Now the Wagnerians have gone at it, and last year they succeeded partly because they were a fad and partly because they found an "angel." This year they were no longer a fad, and after the first two weeks minus an angel. How dearly New Yorkers love opera for itself was evidenced by the fact that though Wagner's *Rienzi* had not been given in New York for thirty-four years, when the Wagner company produced it there were more performers on the stage and in the orchestra pit than audience in the seats. There are more than a million German-speaking persons in New York, and there are supposed to be many thousands of Wagner lovers. The box-office is a great smasher of illusion. People when they really love a thing will pay money to see it. They really love the Metropolitan, for has it not its golden horseshoe, and is it not "the thing" to be there? But as for loving Wagner when it is given on West Thirty-fourth Street that is quite too much to ask. And it is to be feared that the poor don't like Wagner any better than the well-to-do, for the gallery was as scantily filled as the orchestra.

TWO NEW OPERAS

BESIDES *Rienzi*, which was practically a novelty, the Wagnerians had time to give two operas new to America—Wilhelm Kienzl's *Der Evangelimann* and Eugen d'Albert's *Die Toten Augen*. The first proved to be an amorphous piece of musical and dramatic inanity, sung by the company with great earnestness and exceedingly badly. *Der Evangelimann* has been popular in Germany, but the reason for it is another of the mysteries of the German soul. *Die Toten Augen* possesses an admirable and poignantly beautiful libretto, but the composer has failed to invest it with music either original or dramatic. D'Albert is an eclectic in music as he is in nationality, for though born in England of French and Scottish parents, he has chosen to be a German. His music is a pastiche of Massenet, Debussy, Puccini, Wagner and

Richard Strauss, and it is all very well put together. The performance outside of the conducting of Mr. Moericke and the impersonation of the blind girl by Mme. Gertner-Fischer was heavy and rather poorly sung. All in all the company, except the orchestra, which was vastly improved, was weaker than the one which appeared at the Manhattan last season, and in this was a partial reason for the falling off in popular interest. Perhaps at popular



© Mishkin

ITALO MONTEMEZZI

The composer of *L'Amore dei tre Re*, the opera which is generally conceded to be the finest production of Italian operatic genius since Verdi's *Falstaff*. The Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House recently presented Signor Montemezzi with a silver wreath on the occasion of the fortieth performance of his opera

prices there might have been another story to tell. It is always well to be optimistic.

The month at the Metropolitan held one event of outstanding interest—the production of Raoul Laparra's *Habanera*. This work was obtained for the Metropolitan by Signor Gatti-Casazza fifteen years ago, but because he feared to give it in such an enormous auditorium he had put it off from year to year. This fear was justified, yet we ought, none the less, to be thankful that he overcame it. The *Habanera* ought unquestionably to be given in an intimate theatre, and because it was not, the last two acts lost much of their effectiveness; yet despite this handicap the opera proved one of the most absorbing novelties of recent years. A man who fears a ditch will never leap a fence, and Signor Gatti—conquering his fear of the ditch of the Metro-

politan's size, brought the *Habanera* fairly over the fence of critical mistrust.

The plot of the *Habanera* reads like a tale from Poe. It is the story of two brothers, one of whom murders the other for the love of a girl and then is pursued by the ghost of the murdered man, who at the end brings the girl to die upon his grave and sends the murderer away a raving maniac. As drama it is powerful, sinister and macabre, and in the first act, at least, the composer has written music worthy of the drama. The contrast of the somber interior with the sunlit street seen through the single window is a fit symbol of the contrast in the music—outside the gay crowds, dancing and singing their popular songs, while within the two brothers move to their quick tragedy in accents of terror, which are a horrible paraphrase of the festive music below. Nothing simpler yet more gripping than this first act has been heard in modern opera. The employment of the *Habanera* and other popular tunes is masterly. The scene is at once imminent in tragic suggestion and colored with the rich hues of the Spanish crowd. In all modern music drama I know of no act in which the atmosphere is used so perfectly to carry on the meaning of the story, indeed to carry on the action itself. Had the other two acts been the equal of the first, the *Habanera* would have been a masterpiece not unworthy to be placed side by side with *Carmen*.

A PERFORMANCE OF THE NERVES

IN a smaller theatre both of these latter acts would undoubtedly have gained in power and incisiveness, yet even with this allowance they are far from possessing the grim, spare tragedy of the opening scene. There is a sense of strain, a lack of scrupulous exactitude in the wedding of words and musical phrase. We are interested, but not quite convinced. Something of this lack was no doubt also due to Signor Danise's impersonation of Ramon. Signor Danise is an excellent artist and possesses an excellent voice, but imagination is not one of his virtues. He managed to express physical terror but not moral horror. His was a performance of the nerves rather than the conscience. Mr. Tokatyan was admirable as the murdered brother, and Miss Easton as Spanish as could be expected of an Englishwoman. Mr. Rothier gave on the whole the most striking bit of the evening as the blind father.

La Habanera was followed by a one-act opera by Primo Riccitelli called *I Compagnacci*. It was a comedy and was probably given to relieve the unmitigated horror of its predecessor. Mr. Gigli and Miss Rethberg did some beautiful singing of some meaningless music. The whole thing

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© Mishkin

ROSA PONSELLE

The timbre and power of whose voice recall closely that of Emma Calvé. She is seen here as Madeleine in *Andrea Chenier*



© Mishkin

BARBARA KEMP

How perfectly the singer has visualized Monna Lisa is shown in this photograph as she appears in the opera



Curtis Bell

LUCILLA DE VESCOVI

Who brings beauty, distinction, a lovely voice, and a rare intellectual and emotional subtlety to the interpretation of songs



© Mishkin

JEANNE GORDON

A daughter of Canada, of Scottish and French blood, the Metropolitan contralto is a Carmen of beauty shot with fire



© de Gueldre

MORGAN KINGSTON

As Avito in Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei tre Re*



© de Gueldre

CHARLES HACKETT AS ROMEO



FLORENCE EASTON

English by birth, yet surpassing the sopranos of Germany in their own field, she has made a radiant Eva

NEW FLASHES FROM THE OPERA AND CONCERT SCREEN

Stars Who Are Nightly Mounting Higher Into the Musical Heavens

V · A · U · D · E · V · I · L · L · E

Eva Cares Less—Charles Cherry's Mild Adventure—Mr. Selwyn "Arrives"

By BLAND JOHANESON

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

A MONTH of frantic experiment, cut flowers and real ink in the reception room, the inspiring attar of past animal acts still animating the back-



stage atmosphere, the house crew gotten up like an opening of Parliament, and Mr. Albee has accomplished at the Hippodrome a sensational dramatization of chaos. Acts appear and disappear in a thin mask of enthusiasm. The Hippodrome girls mechanically prance hither and yon. Individuals emit noises which fail to record themselves as words. While in the illuminated vastness of

auditorium competition for the attention is exercised by the mural decorations, the handsome gold-chimes, the spot-light lamps, distant rows of empty seats, hundreds of individuals eating chocolate, making love, disciplining offspring, and occupying themselves with such curious and disturbing privacies. There is a restless vastness to the place which dispels the mood which vaudeville requires, a warm and comfortable intimacy, a subtle contact with the personality which is about to entertain you. Acts which are triumphs at the Palace, curl up before the onslaughts of Hippodrome space and die in an agony the audience shares. "Dumb" acts seem to be the theatre's sole salvation.

Clyde Cook, the slapstick baron of the films, was one of the most successful of these, with some simple and childlike pantomime, and some neat and eloquent tumbling. Bird Millman, the exquisite little danseuse of the wire, was forced to perform while the pony-ballet unnecessarily and conspicuously occupied the stage with her. This had all the symptoms of a piece of bungled showmanship. Nevertheless, such is the only diversion one may expect to enjoy at the Hippodrome. Leitzel would be thrilling in it, with her whirlwind gymnastics and vivid personality. There have been whispers of some negotiations with the Swedish Ballet. But what, after all, is the circus-ring theatre without Mr. Joe Jackson with his fragile bicycle, his stubborn cuffs, his winning charm and his finished comprehension of the subtleties of physical expression.

AROUND the corner, Mr. Edward Darling's more sophisticated salon of refined amusement has sponsored the appearance of a child prodigy, who wrings full entertainment value out of a pair of tights and dazzles with spectacular individuality and verve (I almost said nerve). The kiddie's name is Eva Tanguay, and never before has she been so mad and irresistible. Her hectic celebration of little Eva, worldly wisdom, and little Eva's philosophy of pure carelessness, is today something inspiring and marvelous. The theatre has nothing like her, as she herself admits. But even those who fail to deplore it must stand with heads uncovered before the miracle of her perpetual youth.

HOW the stars do love the music halls! They are given to heart-rending protestations of their eternal tenderness every time vaudeville gives them a civil welcome. These demonstrations, which are always exhausting in their emotional surge, are usually twice as diverting as the acts which have preceded them. We have had Carmella Ponselle after a programme of songs whooped through a wide-open mouth, clutch her cloth of silver train with one hand and her bosom with the other, and declare with throaty feeling that vaudeville was "just like coming home," that for seven long aching years she had been deprived by concert engagements of the thrilling joy of singing *Naughty Marietta* and *Yor-seit* two



times daily, and that let Wolfsohn and such gnash their teeth, and Gatti-Casazza enslave sister Rosa, nothing could diminish her passion for the Palace Theatre.

Then Nan in a voice, oh, so wee and woo-

Nan Halperin later put all this in the piker class. The comedienne, generously endowed with mannerisms, was so moved as to declare herself in verse. The preliminary lines confirmed the "first love is the best love" axiom.

ing, so gentle and refined! Made bold to lisp: "Well, vaudeville's my first love. And vaudeville is you." With a blown kiss.

She is an effective entertainer, neverthe-

less, sure in her methods, but unfortunately gifted with more personality than personal taste. One number, her "military bride" song, was so offensive it reeked, exploiting as it did to jazz-tempo the physical deformity of a wounded soldier. Nan just lashed the song around for every sob it was worth, with war-effects off-stage and everything but the flag and chromo of President Coolidge. She is most winning as a child impersonator, and her "first love, vaudeville" reciprocated her fervor enthusiastically.



A PLAYLET about as meaty as French pastry introduces Charles

Cherry, with his distinction, his polish, his Bond Street apparel, to the humble delights of vaudeville. It is amusing, nevertheless, satirizing as it does the "family-friend." Mr. Cherry is one of those bachelors who enjoys the liquor, cigars, slippers, library of his friend and occasionally the innocent caresses of his friend's wife, then abuses his glorious privilege by giving advice. There is no substance to the drama, but a quaint, humorous realism. Mr. Cherry has illumined it with his quiet charm, and made a winning and pleasant entertainment.

"The man who has no music in Himself
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and Spoils."
—SHAKESPEARE.

AND we hereby nominate Leonora Allen, of Rogers and Allen, who share this impressive billing, as the fellow. The only thing worse than singing a little bit sharp, is singing a little bit flat, and what beautiful "blue" notes Leonora accomplishes. This is one of those offerings described in vaudeville as "classy." That's because the principles have taken music lessons, and fail to follow the vaudeville tradition of kicking each other in an eloquent location. Leonora repeatedly deserved it. But the tenor was a gentle chap, and he had his revenge by appearing in a costume of white trousers and pearl grey Tuxedo

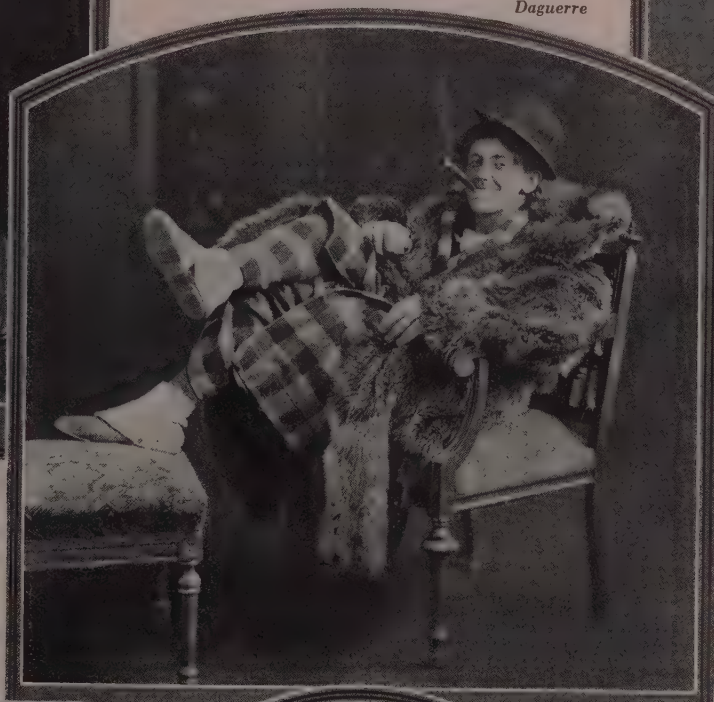
(Continued on page 56)



DE LYLE ALDA
prima donna ventures into the subtler phases of comedy with a satire on musical shows, *Sadie, One of Those Girls*

POODLES HANAFORD
Particular star of the famous equestrian family, in a moment of repose strongly suggestive of his ease in performing his humorous feats of horsemanship

Daguerre



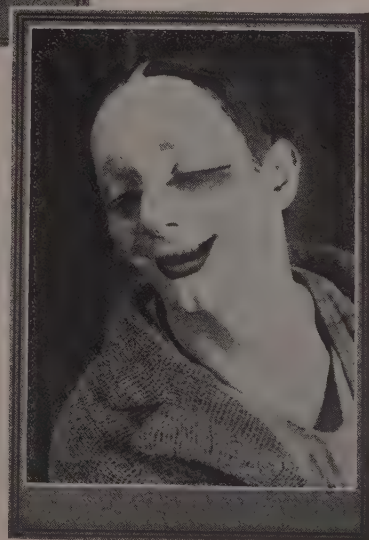
MARCELINE
the beloved clown, whose masterly methods and compelling personality hold his popularity at an invulnerable height



VAL HARRIS
whose impersonation of an old man is uncannily convincing, and whose venerable pleasantries with a beautiful girl achieve the height of rural comedy



EMMA SHARROCK
whose imposing beauty and astonishing mind-reading are supplemented by her rowdy humor as a hard-boiled amusement-park concessionaire



Eaton

TOTO
whose new act combines young tricks with his old, and features with his roguery his marvelous ability to fold himself up into small packages

THE HUMOR OF THE HALLS

Various Reasons Vaudeville Promises "You'll Get a Million Laughs"



ATLAS

Woman as Life's Burden Bearer. A Symbolization, by Maurice Goldberg
(Posed by Dorothy Lee)



Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside
of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait



THE press agent of Mr. Ziegfeld's *Follies* errs when he announces to the papers, as was recently done, that in signing with Ziggy, CISSIE LOFTUS placed her name on a contract for a revue for the first time. Ancient birds like ye present scribe recall the fracas that attended the famous impersonator's signing up with Weber and Fields many years ago and then deciding to change her mind about being seen in that type of entertainment and breaking her contract. A law suit ensued and there was a great to-do with many hard names called on both sides. But to show that the People of the Play forgive and forget readily enough, one of the first wires of good wishes that greeted Miss Loftus on her recent return from England was from her quondam enemies.

Such is fame in the movies! When the film *The Green Goddess*, a picture based on George Arliss's great stage success and with that star still playing the leading rôle in it, was shown at the Stanley Theatre in New York, it was billed outside the house as "ALICE JOYCE, in *The Green Goddess*." Miss Joyce was part of Mr. Arliss's support in the picture but the house manager—with a view to his public—seems to have known better just who to star!

As we go to press, the usually crowded theatrical advertising columns of the *Evening Journal* are deserted save for the slender line of movie-house copy and the whale-like and usual *Cosmopolitan* ad which is helping make Miss Davies more famous day by day. This is the result of an ultimatum to the producers that the *Journal* will accept no less than a minimum of ten lines hereafter from each theatre, a ruling which would cost the managers more money than ever for advertising and which would probably start other papers doing the same thing. The managers, already horribly harassed by their weekly newspaper publicity bill (which averages one thousand dollars a production) have stood together for the first time in their history and politely bowed out of the *Journal*, leaving that paper probably a bit embarrassed by their unexpected gesture of remonstrance. On the past record of the managers in holding out under stress betting money is all on the *Journal*!

AARON HOFFMAN, while writing his plays, typewrites so intensely as to be interfered with materially when it comes to changing sheets of paper. To obviate this obstacle to inspiration, Mr. Hoffman has caused to be made for him (doubtless by some roller-towel company) huge rolls of copy paper which are placed on automatic feeds permitting them to pass endlessly through the writing machine. Mr. Hoffman quits at the end of each fifteen yards of drama and slices up his scenes much after the fashion of a movie cutting-parlor!

Incidentally, SAMUEL SHIPMAN also goes in for minor eccentricities when in the throes of composition. The noted author of *East is West*, *Lawful Larceny*, *Friendly Enemies*, et al., is unable to create his vigorous melodramatics in his Times Building office, high though it may be above the Gay Way's roar. He invariably repairs to the clam-scented seclusion of Atlantic City with two secretaries that alternate in their operations while the indefatigable Sammy reclines on a luxurious divan and works them night and day! Incidentally, the numerous try-out productions that drift into the Apollo Theatre while Shipman is on the boardwalk are invariably visited by him for recreation and in more than one case have such shows been improved and their run enhanced by the shrewd suggestions of the best play doctor in America.

At luncheon the other day with VIOLET HEMING, the beautiful and recalcitrant wife of *Spring Cleaning*, her father indulged in a reminiscence of Sir Henry Irving that was not without its charm. Years ago Heming père was proprietor of a theatre (the only theatre) on the Isle of Man and was especially desirous of having Sir Henry Irving play an engagement there. He wrote the famous actor and offered him the theatre rent free if he would consent to come, feeling that the small population and promise of reward would not be sufficient to Irving unless the latter were permitted to take all the gate money. To his surprise Irving immediately answered saying he would be delighted to come and insisted upon Heming taking his customary share of the receipts. Following the performance that came about as a result they supped together and Heming expressed himself as honored that the London star had thought well enough of his poor little theatre and its patrons to take the not inconsiderable journey to it with his entire company, in view of the negligible returns. "My dear sir," responded

Irving, "I cannot permit you to suffer under any such impression of my magnanimity. The fact is, I'd always heard of the most excellent bloaters that might be found at the chop-house next your theatre, and being something of a gourmet I determined to find out for myself if it were true!" History and Heming fail to recite whether the bloaters proved to be all that was expected of them!

JOSEPH E. SHEA is resolved to find out just what movie stars are worth in the legit and where they are worth it. His tour of *Trimmed in Scarlet*, starring CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, is a shrewdly arranged affair, taking in first the one-nighters, then the three-nighters, following up with the week stands and the "run" towns, such as Chicago and New York. Sign of decay at any one of these points will probably interfere with its going on to the next, inasmuch as it can be safely wagered that if the small-town folk are disinterested the big-town folk are sure to be in any picture proposition.

All of which recalls a day when present movie stars were glad to catch what they could on the regular stage. TOMMY MEIGHAN had a tough time getting jobs of any kind. He had what was known as a "confidential voice," pleasant enough but with no strength or tone to it. This defect, of course, does not matter in the films, the development of which came as a boon to the engaging but mostly disengaged Tommy!

Incidentally I doubt whether if in the entire theatrical world there is a more universally liked actor than Meighan.

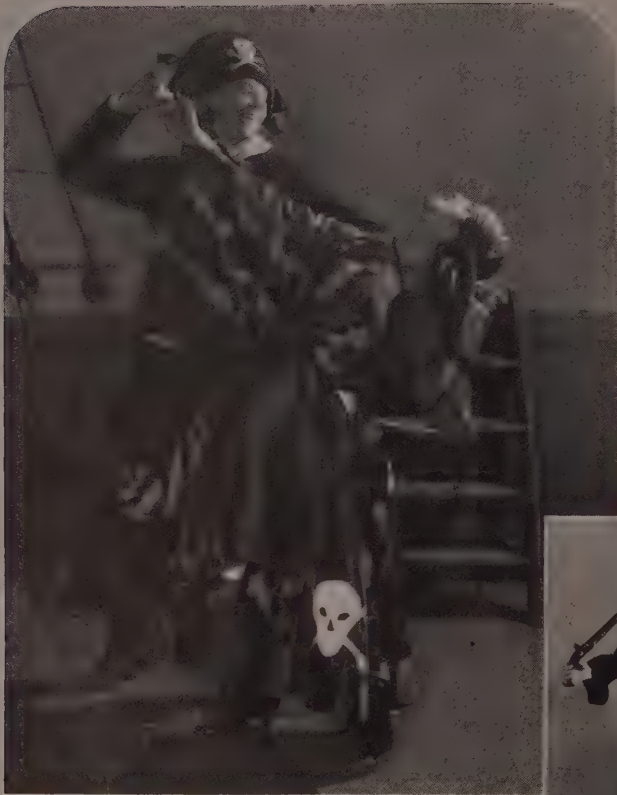
A credo of Times Square that is mounting steadily in force—and I daresay justifiably—is that MARY PICKFORD is the master mind of the picture business. It is said that there is nothing about the industry, either as an art or a business, that Mary is not remarkably well informed about. She has given the public the generic name of "Lizzie" and it is her particular mission and ardent wish to please Lizzie. What a wonderful name for a book on movie psychology "Lizzie" would be, and what a competent author our Mary would doubtless be to write it. Lizzie is the girl of the shops, the offices, the gum-chewer, the picture-magazine reader who, in the last analysis, is the good human creature that gives the picture producers their steadiest and most numerous dollars.

It remains for HENRY MILLER to stage what is to the profession the most interesting technical production of the year. It is easy enough to
(Continued on page 58)



THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



"Wally" Smith and "Bill" Darby as they appeared in the Musical Comedy, *Drake's Drum*, presented on tour and for two performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, by the Princeton Triangle Club



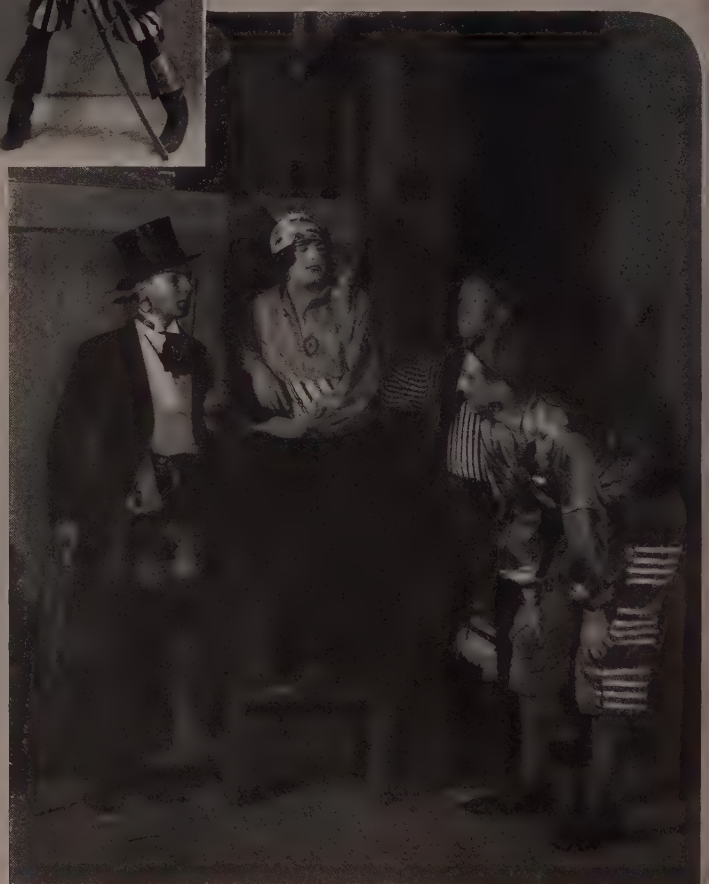
"Bill" Darby the captivating "vamp" of this year's Triangle show. His "Corrita" had all the dash and fire of the capricious Spanish beauty, and his dancing was one of the features of the production



(Below) W. R. Brenton, as "Ascot"; C. C. Davis, one of the chorus; D. G. Goddard as "Angus," and E. W. Schenecker in the rôle of "Blue"



(Center) "Wally" Smith as "Scuppers" brought some original comedy methods to Broadway



Unusually fine lighting made possible this effective silhouette of "Drake" the pirate, as he returned to the sea. R. M. Crawford, who played the part of "Drake," is also leader of the University orchestra, and contributed much of the music for the production

White
Studios

The Amateur's

Green Room



Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools and Dramatic Clubs

THE TRIANGLE CLUB SHOW

THIS year the Princeton undergraduates accomplished the seemingly impossible for a college group, when they filled the Metropolitan Opera House for two successive performances, but their production well merited the patronage accorded it.

Their vehicle, a musical comedy—*Drake's Drum*, was woven around the legend of that dashing buccaneer, Sir Francis Drake, and the two effective scenes were laid in an Elizabethan tavern, and on board Drake's pirate ship. The book was good, the music tuneful, and the entire cast made the most of both book and score.

Witnessing the play from an orchestra chair in the Metropolitan Opera House, it was a bit difficult at times to realize that the entire production—scenery, costumes, lighting, book and score—was the work of undergraduates to whom, just a few years ago, the mechanics of the theatre was a closed book.

W. H. Smith, comedian of the last two Triangle shows, star comedian of the present offering, and now President of the Triangle Club, wrote the greater part of the dialogue, and his "Scuppers" kept an appreciative audience laughing from the rise to the drop of the final curtain. W. R. Brenton, the only freshman in the cast, did an excellent bit of character work as Ascot, an English Antiquarian, and when "Bill" Darby came swirling across the stage in a Spanish dance that brought spontaneous applause from all over the house, we found it increasingly difficult to believe that we were enjoying a college play instead of a Broadway production.

A review of *Drake's Drum* would be incomplete without mention of the Triangle Jazz Band! Those boys played the "sneakiest" Blues we have heard in many moons; personally we should have been quite willing to forego our opera in the evening, if they might have played on indefinitely.

And as we reluctantly gathered up our wraps after the last strains of "Old Nassau," we thought of Booth Tarkington's characterization of the Triangle Club: "Still the old spirit is here, the gayety of boys who take their larking with a certain seriousness when it is to be on exhibition for Princeton; and the old-timer revives his youth never more happily than in such a presence."

THE WESTFIELD COLLEGE WOMEN'S CLUB

PERHAPS the strongest evidence of the civic and community feeling existing in the suburban town of Westfield, New

Jersey, lies in the activities of a group of cultured women of the town who have organized under the name of the Westfield College Women's Club.

Each year, these alumnae of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and other women's colleges, present a standard play of unusual excellence, for the purpose of providing a scholarship fund for the high school girls of the town, and as a result of their work, two girls have already received scholarships—one at Elmira and one at the University of Syracuse.

Just recently, this group gave a very creditable presentation of *Mr. Pim Passes By*, and a critical audience was quick to appreciate the very evident attention that had been given to every detail of stage technique.

What a splendid thing it would be if groups of college women in other communities would organize and turn the dramatic training received in their college days to the same practical use to which these Westfield women have applied their talents.

A CHILDREN'S THEATRE WITH A NEW ANGLE

THE Threshold Players, under the direction of Clare Tree Major are working out a Children's Theatre experiment of unusual significance and interest at the Hecksher Foundation, New York, where they have leased the children's playhouse, which, it seems, had never really functioned along the lines originally planned for it by Mr. August Hecksher.

This beautiful little theatre so charmingly decorated by Willy Pogani and equipped with everything needful for the producing of plays is now the home of the Threshold Players, where delightful matinee performances are being given for children, and at each performance eager audiences arrive from every direction of the city and its suburbs—some in private cars; others in the friendly Fifth Avenue busses, and others hurrying along on foot, impatient to arrive before the rise of the curtain.

The children, some of whom are subscribers for the season, have already enjoyed *Treasure Island*, *Sleeping Beauty*, and *Twelfth Night*, and are looking forward to the coming production of *The Prince and the Pauper*, and a dramatic version of *Haensel and Gretel*.

The important feature, however, of this theatre of youth, is Mrs. Major's plan to co-operate with the high school teachers, presenting plays that are on the required reading list for high school students. For example: The students of Newtown High

School came up from Long Island six hundred and sixty-seven strong, to see *Twelfth Night*, and as Miss Shaw, one of their teachers, put it: "They are gaining a better understanding of the play in two happy hours here, than they would have in two months of dry study in school." Certainly Sir Toby's and Sir Andrew's pranks, Viola's masquerading, Malvolio's predicament, and the whole criss-cross of events lack no whit of appreciation from the eager audience.

Mrs. Major's movement to co-operate with the high schools has been sponsored by the English Teacher's Association, and organized to bring good productions of worth while plays to high school students at a minimum charge and at a time which does not interfere with their school work.

The plan is to produce nine plays during the season, each to run for a month. These plays are chosen from the study list of the high school required work. A committee of English teachers, one from each borough, with Mr. Knickerbocker, the President of the English Teacher's Association, to select the plays and decide all matters of policy.

The plays are given on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons at three-thirty so the students may have time to come directly from school, and at ten-thirty on Saturday mornings. The admission price is twenty-five cents which makes it possible for every child to attend, and attending groups are arranged by teachers of the various schools. The first play, *Treasure Island*, was played to over twelve thousand school children before it was opened to the general public at Saturday matinées.

Many of the children that come to these performances have never before seen a performance in a theatre. Movies, cheap ones, with their deadening effect on the intelligence and on the imagination, their distorting and often demoralizing viewpoint of life and their vulgar humor, most of them are only too familiar with. It has been the only form of dramatic entertainment possible to their limited finances, but Mrs. Major's theatre makes possible for them clean entertainment, the educational value of which can scarcely be overestimated.

And so far as the teachers are concerned, it is infinitely easier for their students to study a play after the characters have been seen as living, thinking, feeling people, after the action has been followed in its relation to those people through a performance, than for them to study the same play from the dry unilluminated text.

THREE INTERESTING
PRODUCTIONS OF THE
PLAYERS CLUB OF
SAN FRANCISCO




Kathleen Donegan

In staging Tchekoff's *The Bear* (above) and *Aria da Capo* (center) posters were employed with striking effect. In *The Bear*, J. Wheaton Chambers played the leading rôle, and Atha Hillbrick, the Widow Popov, and in the Millay play, Templeton Crocker was Pierrot, and Adaline Fuller, Columbine. These three plays, which were part of a bill of four one-act plays, were all directed by Everett Glass for the Players Club, but *Aria da Capo* was produced by the Peninsula Club as guests of the Players

Scene from Schnitzler's *Literature*, which with Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Aria da Capo* and Tchekoff's *The Bear*, were presented in December by the Players Club of San Francisco. Arthur Pierson is shown in the rôle of the cast-off lover; W. Russell Cole as Clement, and Beatrix Perry as Margaret



MAH JONG IS MADE EASIER
BY HAVING THE RIGHT ACCESSORIES



A novel and tricky favor for a Mah Jong prize would be one of these small split-bamboo baskets called, "air fragrance," to be used for perfuming a room

The "air fragrance" baskets are adorned with gay silk cords and tassel, and contain powderedorris root scented with Turkish rose, Oriental violet, or Orange Blossoms. Their price is only one dollar

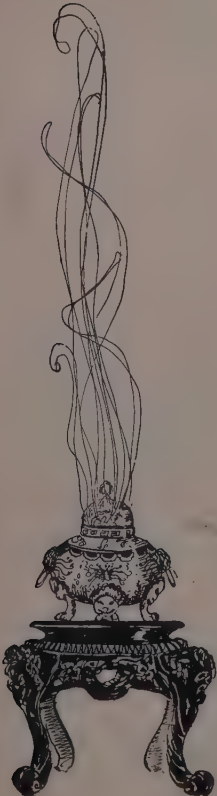
Mah Jong, though it swept so rapidly into favor is here to stay for a while. Already certain traditions have grown up around it, one of which is that to surround the game with the proper Oriental atmosphere puts one into a keener mood for playing.

Above is a Mah Jong set, the right kind of table on which to play the game, the right costume to wear, a charming Mah Jong favor to give to the lucky winner, and a Mah Jong lamp to shed its radiance over the setting, all these coming from one Oriental shop.

The Mah Jong table is of wood with a Gobelin blue lacquer finish decorated with little designs in gold, its top of black moire. There are four drawers for storing tiles, the borders of the drawers pulling out to form tile racks.

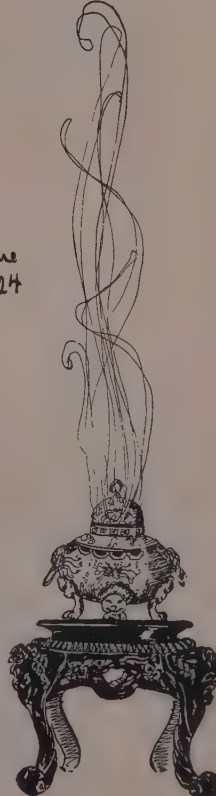
The Mah Jong lamp is of black lacquer with a raised palm-leaf design in greenish yellow with touches of red; the shade is in black over gold-colored chiffon.

The Mah Jong costume comes in shade of gold or rose or blue brocade; and the Mah Jong sets are of every type, ranging in price from thirty up to two hundred dollars.



New stands for holding an incense burner, or a vase, or jar, are of dark carved Japwood, an interesting imitation of the better known teakwood

For the name of the shop carrying the Mah Jong accessories, and for their prices, write Anne Archbald, Fashion Department, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City



The Japwood stands are much lighter in weight than the teakwood and, likewise, much lighter in price. Lovely incense burners to stand on them come in cloisonné and gilt



THE BEST THINGS IN TOWN



A new coiffure, well liked for the Saxon-haired, has a coronet braid as its *pièce de résistance*, and for evening one sticks two small gold Mercury wings back of the ears

Among them are the creations of Helen Paul, the youngest comer in the field of costume designing, who has taken a stunning establishment on East 54th Street in which to originate and display her models. Miss Paul, who is a most interesting personality herself and of a loveliness that competes with the lovely ladies whom she garbs, has already, in a short time, built up a clientele of smart actresses and society women, who are more than enthusiastic about her work. Among the actresses are Marjorie Rambeau, whose gowns in her new play came from Helen Paul, Marion Davies, Gloria Swanson, Lola Fisher, Edith Day, and many others. Mr. LeMaire, who salutes Miss Paul as one artist to another, has drawn for you, on this and the opposite page, three of Miss Paul's latest frocks. The one above, which was designed for a young society woman and answers to the alluring title of "Kisses," is of the filmiest black tulle combined with shadow lace over a black satin slip. The two *cocardes* on either side of the front are of black ribbon



The "French cut" bob continues to win advocates, one of its most becoming manifestations being on the alluring head of Tilla Durieux, the German actress, playing matinées at The Eltinge



(Left) One of the reasons for the popularity of Helen Paul's models is that they combine distinction with their originality. This costume made for Gloria Swanson's last picture, for example! It is of beige crêpe with collar and cuffs of mink, the plastron gathering up the skirt being in bronze. Miss Paul also makes this model in that French combination, a favorite of ours, of black and brown (black satin, brown fur and bronze ornament), a combination, however, to be handled only by an artist

A model which should appeal to the heart of youth, and which is amusingly called "Valentino," was copied by Miss Paul for Lola Fisher to wear in *The Business Widow*. Its material is blue twill over a batiste underblouse, with a black-satin girdle winding the waist à l'Espagnole. A rose-pink necktie adds a bright touch of contrast



The delightful dancing feet of Helen Shipman dressed in a round-toed, flat-heeled patent-leather shoe for the street



White Studios

Engaine '24



Miss Shipman has a preference for modified toes and heels, believing that they give a more youthful look to the foot, and has, therefore chosen them even for these strapped evening slippers of gracefully patterned silver brocade



Parisians decided a short time back that the shoe of lizard skin was the smart thing, and American women have quickly followed their lead. Miss Shipman wears above a new model of lizard skin in a soft shade of gray

THE ENGAGING FEET OF HELEN SHIPMAN IN THREE YOUTHFUL MODELS FOR SPRING

Shoes from the Fifth Avenue Shop of I. Miller

THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

She calls on Blanche Bates and lunches with Helen Shipman at The Algonquin

HAVEHAM-25

JUST before Blanche Bates left on her road tour with "The Change-lings," I had occasion to go in to see her one morning, at her charming house off Park Avenue, where she lives with her two children and her husband, George Creel . . . No, don't smile at the latter end of the sentence. It bears stating. Such a fact no longer *va sans dire*, what with modern life and Reno and Paris and one thing and another . . .

This particular morning Miss Bates was a few minutes *en retard* in coming down to greet me . . . and that was pleasing, as it gave me a chance to look about a bit . . . I was in what seemed to be a smallish reception room . . . a charming room, with a wide, low couch, and deep comfortable chairs. The furniture, covered with some delightful pile fabric in a changeable taupe and rose—taupe was the dominant tone and the rose simply showed as a backing—keyed the color scheme of the room . . . There were gray walls to match and the hangings on either side of the long windows were of the same material as the furniture covering, lined with rose and framing rose silk curtains in between . . .

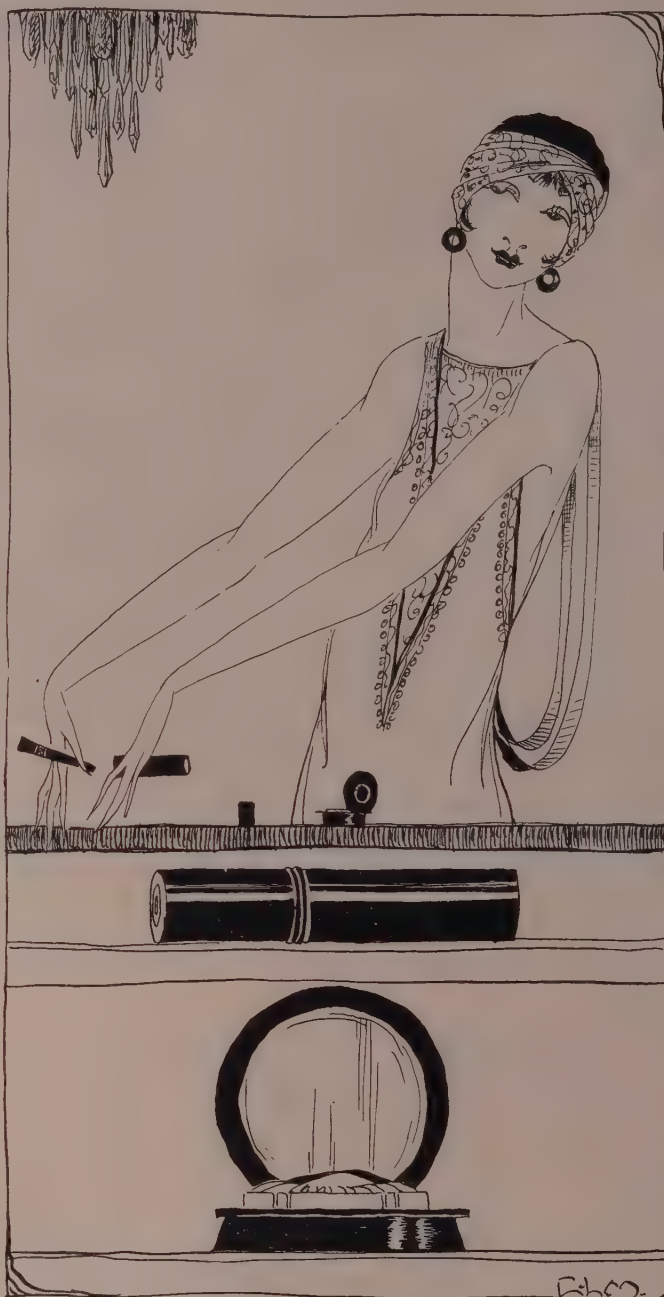
When Miss Bates appeared I couldn't help remarking on the distinctive quality of the room . . . And Miss Bates smiled and said there was an entertaining little story connected with that . . .

"You will be amused to hear, I know," she said smiling, "that the covering on this furniture and the hangings at the windows are identically the same material as one of the curtains at the 'Hippodrome.'"

"The same material? No!" I exclaimed astonished. "I thought stage curtains, especially such a large one as is required at the 'Hipp,' had to be of the heaviest kind of stuff."

"Not necessarily," said Miss Bates. "But what they do have to have is extra wearing quality. And that's just what this material has . . . Besides its beauty and pliability . . . see how softly those curtains hang . . . it wears for ever . . ."

"I got the idea of using it here by seeing



Helen Shipman is carrying just now, especially for evening, the smartest little French vanity box in a heavenly shade of vivid green, with a ring of brilliants set in the cover. A matching cigarette holder in a green case goes along with the box, a ring of brilliants around its tip and one on the end of the case. Miss Shipman says these sets come also in red and black and are not expensive.

this new curtain at the Hippodrome and hearing some gossip about it . . . Just the thing for that reception room of ours, I said to myself . . . I wanted a certain neutrality in the furnishings, something neither too essentially feminine, nor too masculine, so that the atmosphere would be suitable for both Mr. Creel's friends and mine. And when I heard that the

'Hipp' curtain material would wear for twenty years . . . Well, that settled it . . . and here we are . . . I'm glad you like it . . . How have you been?" . . .

We went on to the business of the day, but I mentally made a note to tell you the story, being sure it would interest you . . .

This bit will, too . . . I lunched with Helen Shipman and her Mother at The Algonquin last week, and spent the most entertaining hour . . . As everybody knows all the writers and actors and actresses and moving-picture people in town seem to go there for lunch . . . Every other face discloses a celebrity . . . And the food is so good! I told Miss Shipman about my diet and how Tubby had said I was starting early to beat the long-distance record of Ninon de L'Enclos for eternal youth . . . and she was interested and solicitous and helped me pick out the proper things . . . shirred eggs something-or-other, and whole wheat bread toast, and an artichoke with Hollandaise sauce.

Miss Shipman was looking adorable, all in beige, crêpe de Chine frock with a border of brown fur, beige cloche, and the sweetest little beige suède shoes, round-toed and very flat-heeled as always, off or on the stage, which fitted her to a turn. It's not alone that Miss Shipman's feet are small . . . lots of people have small enough feet . . . but they are so beautifully constructed . . . straight heels, like Trilby's far-famed ones, and arched and temperamental ankles . . . And then she does know how to dress them . . .

But here's the particular bit you'll like . . . the new "tricks" from Paris that Miss Shipman was carrying . . . She let me take a sketch

of them, the one on this page, under which you will also find their description.

If you would like to know the name of the fabric used in the "Hipp" curtain; and the price of the vanity box and cigarette holder sets and how they may be obtained, write Angelina, Care THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York City.



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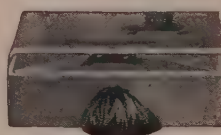
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WHITE CARGO

(Continued from page 28)

by Tondeleyo, Langford is left alone with the native girl.

LANGFORD: Your father was French, wasn't he?

TONDELEYO: Yes. But he always English palaver.

LANGFORD: Where is he now? (*Tondeleyo makes a casual wave of the hand downwards.*)

TONDELEYO: Maybe I get much blue silk, eh?

LANGFORD (*still studying her*): Maybe. Who was your mother?

TONDELEYO: Accra woman. Much black. (*Spits contemptuously.*) Tondeleyo most white.

LANGFORD: Tondeleyo most interesting. (*With an involuntary quick movement he bends over and kisses her full on the mouth, then quickly disentangles himself and rises.*) (*Agitatedly.*) God! I wish I hadn't done that.

TONDELEYO: Fletcher, him kiss just like you.

LANGFORD: GET OUT. Do you hear me? GET OUT! You bring out everything that's rotten in me. Get it into your head, I don't want you here and I won't have you here. You're like all women. You're just a box of tricks, and by God, I'm in no mood to resist you. (*Tondeleyo surveys him undisturbed.*) GET OUT.

TONDELEYO: Awyla, you kiss me once more and I go quick.

LANGFORD: I don't want to kiss you. Don't you understand— I—I— (*He stops speaking and gazes into her eyes. Their faces are close together. Suddenly his expression changes, and with a quick movement his arms are about her and she is held in a vice-like embrace. Slowly their lips meet.*)

Scene II. Three months later. The signs of deterioration are still more marked, both in Langford and his surroundings. He and the Doctor are engaged in a heated argument, and when Witzel comes in he takes the Doctor's side; Langford has made up his mind to marry Tondeleyo, and nothing they say can dissuade him from his purpose. He has sent for the Missionary to perform the ceremony, and though Roberts is obdurate at first, in the end he relents.

DOCTOR: But my dear Langford—

WITZEL: Leave him to me, Doctor. This young fool's got to take his medicine. (*Enter Tondeleyo.*)

LANGFORD: You get out—

WITZEL: And I'll go. When I'm through—not before. Oh, you may as well listen, for you'll hear it if I have to hold you and choke it into you. You think you're cheating me of a prophecy, because instead of taking this nigger as a dozen others have— (*Moves from Langford*)—yes, a dozen others— What I said just now was true. It's not Tondeleyo, it's sex-starvation. You know that—you know that—damned well.

LANGFORD: It's your rotten—

WITZEL: It's true. If it wasn't Tondeleyo, it would soon be some other native woman. Ha! And you think you cheat me of a "told you so." You won't. You can't pretend a few words from the Padre there can sanctify this thing—you know damn well they can't.

DOCTOR: Witzel, you're going too far—

WITZEL (*tauntingly*): You were careful enough to pick the only good-looking bit on the Coast—very careful. No knowing how many hands she's been through.

LANGFORD: Ha! Jealous, that's it.

WITZEL: You blasted fool! If I chose to spend my money on bangles and trade-silks to deck her black body, I could get her—I'd get her now—

LANGFORD: You try it—try it and—

WITZEL: Ah! That hurts, doesn't it, because it's the truth. When your time out here is up—are you going to take her back home with you—that nigger? No! You—you'll be fed up by that time and you'll chuck her back into the bush like the rest of 'em. You're doing what I said you'd do and giving it another name— Yes, call it marriage or what the hell you please, but it's just plain mammy-palaver.

ACT III. Scene I. One year later. Langford is seated gazing listlessly into space, while Tondeleyo is on the floor twisting native wire into bangles. She gets up and gives him a drink and tries to caress him, but Langford repulses her. . . .

TONDELEYO: All day we do nothing. All night we do nothing. Awyla, just sit and sit. Not give damn about anything. Always it is too hot. Other white men not find it too hot for Tondeleyo.

LANGFORD: Other white men used to beat you. You told me that yourself.

TONDELEYO: Sure. I like to be beaten.

You beat me. Then maybe you feel much better. Soon we make up—much love, many bangles.

LANGFORD: Oh, don't be ridiculous. (*He picks up a stout stick from corner of room, puts on helmet, walks to stoop.*)

LANGFORD: The Doctor said he might come over. If he does, tell him I'll be back shortly.

Left alone, Tondeleyo calls Jim Fish, and amuses herself by ordering the native about until the Doctor appears, when she tells him that Langford is "too hot for palaver" with him. The Doctor seizes the opportunity of a chat alone with Tondeleyo to impress upon her the responsibility of marriage.

TONDELEYO: Maybe Awyla send me away some day?

DOCTOR: He can't. It's the same law for both.

TONDELEYO (*slowly*): Tondeleyo may never go? No matter what she wants?

DOCTOR: No matter what she wants.

TONDELEYO: But if Tondeleyo die, she'd have to go.

DOCTOR: Of course.

TONDELEYO: And if Awyla die?



The Influence of the Actress in the World of Fashion

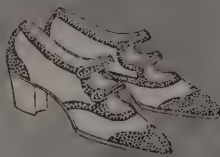
The stage sets the style while society tempers it with the more conservative touch of reality.

The actress becomes a dominant contributor to the popular preference.

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DOCTOR: Then of course the marriage pact is broken. It is only while you both live. If either of you died the other one is, naturally, free. Do you think you really understand about marriage?

TONDELEYO: Sure. Till death us do part.

(Langford enters.)

LANGFORD: Why, you're not going?

DOCTOR: Oh no, now that you're here. But Tondeleyo explained to me that you were feeling too hot to talk—

LANGFORD: Unfortunately, Tondeleyo lies on principle. She never tells the truth when a lie will do just as well.

Again Tondeleyo tries to caress Langford, but he refuses to be "mauled," and she "steps out majestically into the night." Langford tells the Doctor that he realizes the terrible mistake he has made in marrying Tondeleyo.

Scene II. A few months later. Tondeleyo is preparing a drink for Langford, pouring a small bottle of poison into a glass of quinine and water. She takes this into Langford's bedroom, and he is heard feebly protesting. The Missionary comes in and asks after the invalid, Tondeleyo says he is "much better" and Roberts goes into the bedroom. The Doctor and Witzel enter, and the Doctor goes into Langford's room. The Missionary reappears, and Tondeleyo goes quickly out. Roberts tells Witzel that Langford is complaining that the quinine burns his throat, and the Doctor says his pulse is dropping— Witzel goes in to see Langford and declares that he has been poisoned by Tondeleyo. The Doctor and Roberts are incredulous. Langford staggers into the room, complaining of the cold. The Doctor wraps him in a blanket, and he sinks into a state of coma. A crowd of natives rush past the window crying "Smoke, the boat! Smoke!" and the Doctor, who has sent the Missionary for morphine, goes off quickly to meet the boat, in order to get his drugs. Witzel looks at Langford and exclaims, "Poor Devil!", then moves off the porch. Tondeleyo, who has been waiting for Witzel to leave, reappears, and after cautiously looking round and finding that Langford is unconscious, proceeds to open his mouth and pour down the contents of a small bottle of poison— Witzel appears and asks her what she is giving him. "Quinine, the Doctor say give him quinine," replies Tondeleyo, and Witzel tells her to let him look at it. Very reluctantly, Tondeleyo brings the bottle to Witzel.

WITZEL: This is not quinine.

TONDELEYO (naïvely): No?

WITZEL: No— Where did you get this?

TONDELEYO: Doctor make it. Him say Awyla must take it.

WITZEL: Oh, I see—all right. You'd better give it to him.

She is just on the point of administering the poison, when Witzel seizes her and asks her once more what it is, "I told you medicine," says Tondeleyo.

WITZEL: All right. If it's medicine it won't do you any harm. And I'll go so far as to apologize to you. (Grimly.) Now drink it. (She attempts to struggle, but the pain is too intense. She remains inactive with distorted features.) Now come on—open your mouth. (Stupefied by the intense pain, she has to obey. Witzel quickly pours the contents of the bottle down her throat, shaking her head backwards to ensure her swallowing it.) Now it's an even break, and remember, if you live, you live with me. Now get back to the bush. (Suddenly Tondeleyo regains her speech and jabbers incoherently. She rushes hysterically onto the porch, almost colliding with the Missionary, who at that moment is entering.)

MISSIONARY (to Witzel): Where's she going?

WITZEL: It's problematical. But the odds are she won't come back.

MISSIONARY: You always talk in riddles, Witzel.

WITZEL: Do I? (At that moment the Doctor, the Skipper, the Engineer, and two of the boat's native crew enter—one of them carries a crude stretcher—two bamboo poles and a piece of sail.)

DOCTOR: I've explained the situation to the Skipper and he's going to make Calibar the first stop.

WITZEL: Good!

SKIPPER: I'm sorry this has happened, Witzel. But we'll hurry him back to Calibar. Not so damned hot— Good hospital. (He casts a glance at Langford.) He don't look so good, does he?

DOCTOR: The new man's arrived. I should imagine he's a very charming young man.

WITZEL: You always imagine that.

ENGINEER: Shall I load the freight, Skipper?

SKIPPER: Yes, sure, and make them swines hustle.

ENGINEER: Aye, aye sir.

WITZEL: Just a moment, Skipper. I'll take the responsibility of foregoing my consignment this month. Get Langford aboard and head straight for Calibar.

SKIPPER: No cargo, eh?

WITZEL (contemptuously): Yes, white cargo. Get him aboard. (Carefully they put Langford onto the stretcher, and commence to carry him out, followed by the Engineer and the Missionary.)

The new man appears full of enthusiasm; the Doctor introduces him to Witzel, and then goes off to see Langford safely on his homeward journey. WORTHING: Of course, I've been told exactly what I ought to do out here, I'm not going to let the loneliness or anything like that get me. Kind of shabby-looking isn't it? (Witzel is obviously not listening.) But we can soon alter that. I brought a lot of stuff with me—because you're a long way from home you don't have to live like a pig, do you? You know, Mr. Witzel, I'm going to make things different out here—that is, as soon as I become acclimatized.

WITZEL: God almighty!

Curtain

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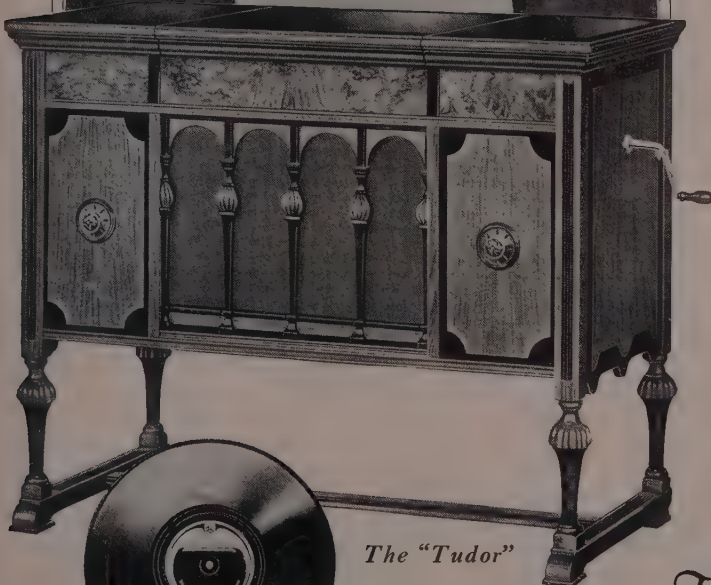
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PITY THE POOR PLAYWRIGHT

(Continued from page 10)

over he wouldn't even announce me; he'd open the gate obsequiously and at once and beg me to step right in. . . .

Presently an elderly man appeared. "Mr. L——?" he asked.

"Yes," I murmured.

"Here's your script," he said, and went back into his sanctum.

I discovered long afterward that this incident was not intentionally cruel. The firm had actually decided to take the play, but they had changed their minds after dispatching the telegram to me. They hadn't bothered to notify me that they had changed their minds. Or perhaps they never thought of it.

The scene now shifts. Paris—the terrace of the Hotel Continental—an afternoon in the spring of 1919. Your hero, in a resplendent uniform, is down from the Rhineland on a short leave. He is purring over a vermouth cassis, meditating on the glories of civilization and the *aperitif*—one of the brightest and most particular jewels in the diadem of culture. . . . A man lurched into this mellow reverie.

"Haven't I met you somewhere before?" he asked thickly.

It was Spigot. I gazed up at him coldly—the uniform of victory not infrequently makes the wearer feel on the top of the world and reckless of consequences.

"Oh yes," I remarked. "I'm the man who worked for you a whole year without pay."

The manager slouched into a chair. "Aw, that was Agnes," he muttered. Then he brightened. "Wasn't a bad play—a little underdone—unripe. You know. Have a drink."

"Thanks. I haven't finished this."

"Speed 'er up. Speed 'er up. Waiter—Garson. Two of the same."

"*La même chose*," I said loftily.

"Look here," Spigot cried, "write another one. I'll produce it. I've got a great idea. American soldier, French girl. They have an affair. Then he's sent home."

"The Old Heidelberg motif," I murmured from my peak in Darien.

"Well, that always succeeds, don't it?"

Some months later in New York and store clothes I called at Spigot's office and asked him to read *Honor*. The next week I went back.

"I like your play," the manager announced.

"Are you going to produce it?" I asked fearfully. For I was broke.

"What do you mean by produce it?" he countered.

"Why, try it out."

"Pay you money?"

"Why, yes."

"No," he bellowed. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll try it out and if it goes I'll make a regular contract and give you \$500 advance."

So it was agreed.

The tryout! It happened to be an Italian fête day and midway in the first act fireworks were shot off in the lot behind the theatre. The building rocked. The audience was terrified. Only the hardier members stayed, and their hardihood melted away early in the third act. Spigot stood in the *foyer* calling the fleeing populace picturesque names and trying to drive them back into the auditorium. But nothing could drive them back to that show.

I walked along the ocean toward the hotel. Soon there were footsteps behind me, Spigot fell into step, threw his arm over my shoulders and growled, "What do these idiots know?" He walked with me to the hotel in silence.

Two days later he telephoned that he was going to try the play on the dog in New York itself. After the performance Spigot summoned me—he signed regular contracts, paid me a \$500 advance royalty, and nothing further ever happened to the play. He just dropped it. The contracts expired, the scripts were returned to me. And that was that.

But I was not yet through with Spigot. He asked me to "doctor" a melodrama he had bought. He made this proposition: \$250 for undertaking the work, and in addition a small proportion of the author's royalties. The terms were less than those usually offered for such work, but my financial condition at that time would have forced me to accept much less. And I did eventually. For although the contracts were drawn up they were never signed. Every day I was in Spigot's office—sometimes he would see me. "I can't do anything about that now." "Do you want me to doctor the play?" "Sure. Everything's settled, ain't it?" "Everything but the payment and the contracts." "I'm busy now." "But when?" "Meet me in front of the theatre tonight." He always managed not to pay the \$250. Occasionally he would take me to near-by towns to see his tryouts. In the car he would tell me I had a great future; he would call me "my boy." Once he asked how I was fixed. Foolishly I told him, "All right." "If you need money, draw on me." And then I realized how I could get the money due me and yet leave him the sensation of benevolence which, evidently, he required. I began to borrow from him—\$50 at a time. The day he gave me the fifth check I said, "Now we're even." "Uh-huh," he grunted.

Not long ago I was slouching down Fifth Avenue. A taxi drove up to the curb and Spigot, from inside, called to me. "Jump in," he said, "I want to talk to you." He wanted to tell me that walking along the richest thoroughfare in the world I appeared to be droopy, down and out. "You've got to keep your head up. Make 'em think you've got pep and money. Don't



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ever let 'em guess you ain't got money."

The biggest fight the unknown playwright has is the struggle to retain his sense of his own importance, which is to say, to maintain his self-respect. Everything in the theatre tends to sap that. And without it he is sterile—he writes without assertion and he attempts to sell without confidence. Lacking aggressiveness he is as futile as a go-getter without pep. The playwright must have dignity, but he must not let it stand in his way; he must have sensitiveness to write with any understanding, but he cannot afford to be sensitive when he is out selling; he must understand human nature in order to create character, but how can anyone understand the human nature of Broadway?

Aside from the fact that the people who select and produce the plays for America have to be skilful real-estate operators if they would survive, so

much money is involved in even the most modest production that the manager must have something of the temperament of a gambler else he would never dare enter the game. And no matter how long and how adroitly he has played the game he never learns just what drama is. Nobody can learn that. Drama is crises through character, say the playwrights and some critics; drama is good parts, say the actors; drama is color, say the designers; drama is action, say the managers, directors, stage-hands, press-agents, musicians, ushers and box-office men. "We want to feel something at a show. Drama is emotion," says the public. And as it is bad form to deny the public what it wants, drama will be emotion. But it would be emotion anyway. It is made by playwrights, critics, actors, designers, directors, managers, stage-hands, press-agents, musicians, ushers and box-office men.



C I N E M A

(Continued from page 32)

convention) told more than a thousand subtitles. As in his own comedies Chaplin proved that motion alone could convey its effect, and, furthermore, that to join it with the printed word was to weaken that effect.

But here I am forced into a reluctant admission that moving pictures such as *The Girl I Loved* and *A Woman of Paris* seem destined, under the present system of production and exploitation, to be financial failures. Chaplin's picture stayed only a few short weeks at the New York theatre in which it was first presented. Not only is it doubtful that Chaplin will create another screen play like it, but it is certain that no other producer will attempt to imitate it. Motion-picture producers, somewhat like book publishers and theatrical managers, have a strange distaste for losing money. The thing that pleases the public today may not take its fancy tomorrow, but until it shows a radical change in taste the thing of today will be repeated endlessly. There is practically no disposition on the part of the producers to challenge that taste by any startling departure in the method of making screen plays.

The cinema contains its own seeds of growth, although it has been forced

into an ugly counterfeit of the stage, and when it comes to blossom as a true art its flowers will sway in the breeze of fancy. They will move. Emotions will be evoked by a flowing background that shares the secrets of the drama enacted before it. That weirdly beautiful German photoplay, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, stands as the one real artistic achievement of the screen. Every detail of the highly imaginative *décor* breathed the spirit of the scene played within it. The very stones in the street had their part in the drama. The effect was as vividly unified as that of a story by Edgar Allan Poe. Not a single subtitle broke in to spoil the illusion.

From one memorable scene in this picture the æsthetic future of the cinema may be augured. It was the scene where the somnambulist, having stealthily entered the young girl's bedroom, seized her in his arms and carried her from the bed through the open window. As he bore her across the room she still clutched the white draperies of her bed. Here was the surge of passion and poignant terror, stabbingly pictured. The black figure of the somnambulist retreating toward the window, the girl in white in his stony arms, the long sweep of the trailing covers behind them—and the horrified flux of the very walls of the room—all in motion, all conspiring toward the evocation of one passionate impulse! Indeed—a moving picture!

1400 men in the theatrical profession are enrolled with the Alexander Hamilton Institute at this time.



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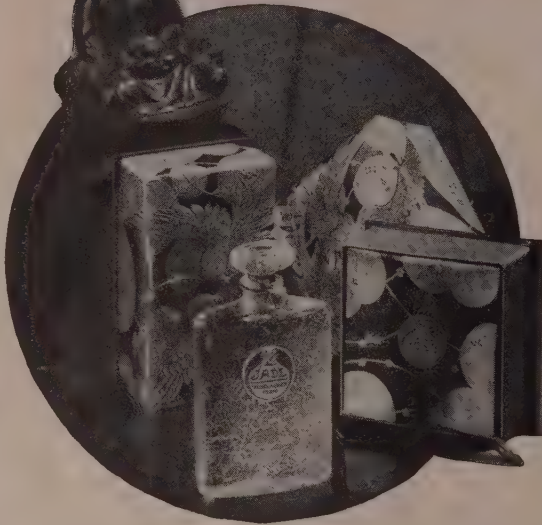
P A R I S

GUERLAIN

MUSIC

(Continued from page 34)

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was very dull and Riccitelli's score was entirely borrowed and not borrowed particularly skilfully from Mascagni and Puccini. If there was fun in the story, there was none in the score. Comic opera to be enjoyed must be understood. When Wolf-Ferrari's *The Secret of Suzanne* was recently sung in English by the San Carlo Opera Company at the Century, the audience enjoyed it as it never enjoyed it when it was sung in Italian. It enjoyed it because in order to laugh an audience must know what to laugh at. We can enjoy misery in ignorance of anything but the music, but comedy is another matter. If Signor Gatti wants the Metropolitan audience really to enjoy *I Compagnacci* he must give it in English. Despite the heavy-footed music, there may be wit in the lines, and as these lines are directed against the Puritans and the blue-laws there is a certain appositeness at the present time. But given in Italian there isn't one in ten knows what they are all about or cares.

IN THE CONCERT WORLD

THE month in the concert world was also not without its novelties, with the International Composers' Guild in particular throwing down its gauntlet alike to classicists, romanticists, and philistines. At its concert in the Vanderbilt Theatre the Guild presented a sonatine for flute and piano by Vittorio Rieti; a piece by Carlos Salzedo for harp, flute, oboe, bassoon, horn, and string quartet; twelve piano *études* by Szymanowski; songs by Carl Ruggles; and a composition by Edgar Varese for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, trombone, and bass.

This concert had its exciting features. Miss Greta Torpadie, an admirable artist, being Miss Torpadie, no doubt sang Mr. Ruggles' songs

well, but I defy any other living person outside of Mr. Ruggles himself to prove that she did. In fact these songs and their accompaniments, and this might apply as well to the various instruments in the compositions of Mr. Varese and Mr. Salzedo, reminded me of the old story of the barker who, standing outside his tent at the county fair, proclaimed in stentorian accents: "Ladies and gentlemen, enter within and see set forth the stupendous drama of Daniel in the Lions' Den— Daniel doesn't give a damn for the lions, nor the lions a damn for Daniel!"

In short the International Composers' Guild has made dissonance its god. There were in its recent concert things of merit, for some of the Szymanowski piano pieces possessed real brilliancy; yet to the concert as a whole an old saying of Sir Thomas Browne's is peculiarly applicable: "Some people," wrote the old physician, "are able to see merit in the chaos of its elements and descry perfection in the great obscurity of nothing!"

I cannot help thinking that this is the case with many of our musical futurists of the International Composers' Guild.

An offering of a very different sort was given by the Society of the Friends of Music in presenting Henry Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas*. This work, the only opera by England's one great composer, was written in 1680, and for the present performance was revised by Artur Bodanzky. The revision, made necessary by modern requirements, was sensitively accomplished and kept well within the spirit of the composer. Sung by Mmes. Matzenauer Easton and Hunter, and Mme. Meader and Gustavson, and by an excellent chorus, it proved an altogether delightful occasion.

VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from page 36)

jacket, which must sicken Eddie Leonard's sartorial soul. Even thus outfitted, the lad didn't go into a dance, but paraded the width of the stage dutifully enfolding the lady's middle and making sweet and musical attempts to harmonize with her unfaithful vocalizing.

Anything Might Happen, the Edgar Selwyn comedy which proved too thin and weak an example for convincing Broadway play-goers a while ago, has been concentrated to serve as a farcical sketch for Wellington Cross. It is quite some fun and unconventional without the usual vaudeville apologies. On a stormy night a maid and a man meet in a conflict over a taxicab. They compromise, as one

does, and in the insinuating conveyance, discover a mutual friend as well as a decided mutual interest. The persiflage is wise and airy, the maid is a peach, the cavalier's technique is what is known as fast. Mr. Cross is not wholly convincing as a charmer, however. His cards are on the table. He has not that vague hint of potentialities. Neither is he uncomfortably inept. And the girl is not flirtatious. Estelle Winwood, in the original, acquired a lovely little bun. The refining influence of the family theatre has purged the play of this dangerous misdemeanor. But it remains a bright and amusing sketch, expertly handled by an attractive company.

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NO PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY AT THE STAGE DOOR INN

(Continued from page 24)

downstairs or not. Something must be found," she said to President Allen. The founder and chief officer, always accustomed to obedience, placed the dark-eyed girl with the pinched lips among the "hostesses" in the Stage Door Inn. The tips earned that evening banished her dread of life. She continued as waitress—I should have said hostess—for four months. She is playing successfully in a Broadway production.

OFTEN a guest is served by a hostess in the costume of a character she has played. I drank tea from a cup handed me by Cleopatra. On Thanksgiving Day we were waited upon by Puritan maidens.

Each Christmas the National Stage Woman's Exchange invites any actor or actress who is out of work to a free dinner at the Inn. To this dinner came an aged actor. At sight of him a woman of seventy-one stumbled toward him with outstretched hands, weeping. He clasped her in his arms. They were brother and sister, who had been separated by hardships, and though both lived in New York, had not seen each other for five years. The brother secured employment. The sister sews for a well-known costumer. Miss Allen and other officers of the club see the pair often at masses at the Actors' Church near the Stage Door Inn. Into their aged faces have come content and tranquility because of the officers of the National Stage Woman's Exchange.

A comely girl came to the Exchange

one day and asked for work. "There is nothing just now," said Miss Allen. She stopped, arrested by the look in the girl's eyes. "I told her that the moment there was a change in the personnel of the hostesses I would send for her. I asked her what she could do especially well. She told me she was considered an exceptionally good reader. I was haunted by her look of despairing helplessness. The next day one of the hostesses came smiling in to tell me she had an engagement and would begin rehearsals that afternoon. I telephoned the other girl. She came over at once. She said, 'I had only ten cents left. I resolved that if I did not hear from you by six I would throw myself into the river.' And even while she spoke the telephone interrupted us with a request for a good reader to entertain an invalid two hours a day. The girl who was within two hours of suicide read to the invalid and discharged her duties as hostess in the Inn for two months. Then came an engagement. She is with a company that has played for fifty weeks."

An elderly woman came to say she and her husband were penniless. The Exchange placed them as a housekeeper and gardener in Long Island.

These are among hundreds of instances of opportunities in extremities for Thespians. The National Stage Woman's Exchange is the first organized effort to establish a clearing-house for self-help, the bridge which women of the stage cross between engagements.

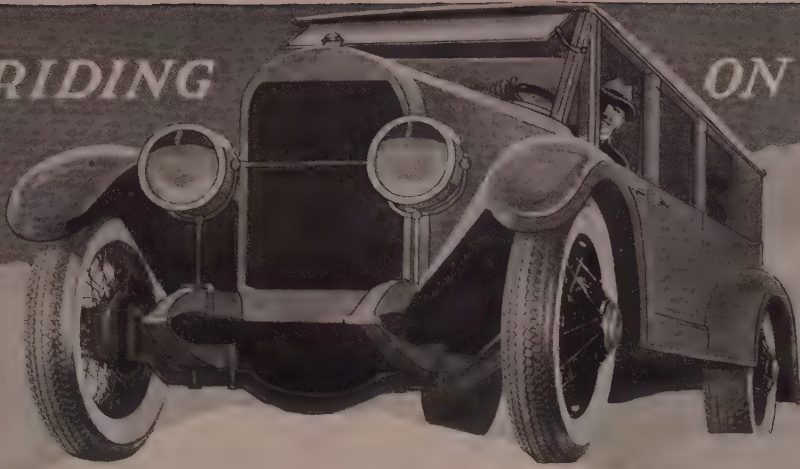
Heard on Broadway

(Continued from page 39)

build a cathedral in a gigantic theatre as was done with *The Miracle* at the Century, given the money and time needed, both of which Mr. Gest had in full. But in *The Merry Wives of Gotham* he has effected a back-stage miracle at the theatre that bears his name, by mounting on its comparatively tiny stage several huge sets—one with two cottages on it and manifold rocks and boulders—which are changed in the twinkling of an eye. Again Mr. Miller earns his unquestioned title of the peerless director of the American theatre.

Drunkenness holds its ugly hand over the American theatre and Mr. Volstead is to be blamed for a revival of a condition that prevailed many years ago when tipping kept many a good actor from carrying on and brought him to a pauper's grave. Within the past year there has been an epidemic of hitting the bottle, certain instances of which have come with ghastly obviousness before the public who are thus admitted to a knowledge of conditions that have long been known to show-people. Nowhere is sobriety more in order than back-stage, and nowhere does absence of it work more harm. Bad performances injure not only the reputation of the drunkard but also the livelihood of those associated with him. The actor is peculiarly the victim of the bad-booze bootlegger. The man who stays at home usually manages to connect with a "reliable" man and has time to have what he purchases analyzed. The actor buys where and when he can and how. The effects are becoming terribly obvious and certain examples and warnings should bring the pledge under the hand of more than one weak brother or sister who loves his liquor but loves his theatre and his name more!

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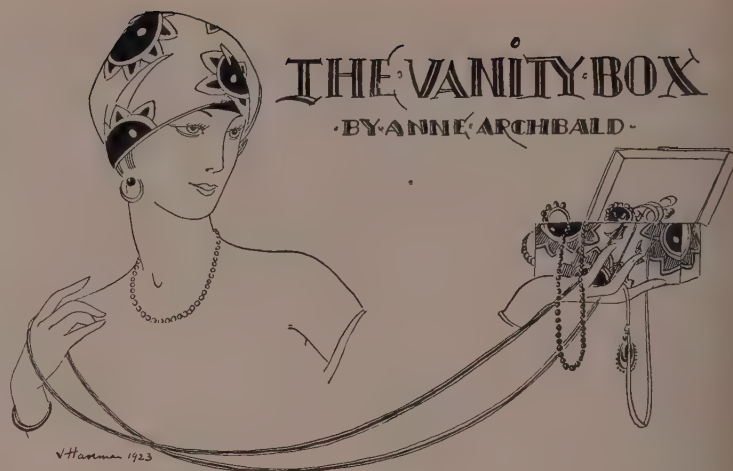
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WE were breezing up the Avenue the other morning when we ran into that charmer Mary Kennedy, who is playing the lead in "The Next Room," at the Vanderbilt. She was looking as smart as possible in her tailor things.

"Have you seen our play?" she asked.

"Yes, we had," we said. "And we thought it was splendid . . . You have a part, haven't you? A nice frock, that blue velvet with the lace collar that you wear. . . . What are you doing now? Shopping for personal clothes?"

"No, clothes don't interest me in the least at this moment," returned Miss Kennedy. "We've just bought a place in the country near Stamford and I'm in the state of mind attributed to Peggy Wood last year when she took *her* place. 'Peggy,' said someone, 'would like to go to a dance with an artesian well around her neck.' I'll tell you what I am interested in at the moment . . . lunch. Come have it with me."

No sooner proposed than accepted. Lunch it was, scintillating with the w. k. Mary Kennedy wit. She is such fun!

"What shall we do after," asked Miss Kennedy at the salad. "I have a suggestion. Let's go to my beauty place and have one of those long delightful face treatments. You be my guest. . . . There is nothing that freshens you up so as to sink down, relaxed, in one of those supercomfortable armchairs and have your face 'pepped up.' I've been getting rather tired lately, going out to parties after the theatre with my husband." (Miss Kennedy's husband is Deems Taylor the musical critic on the *World*.) "We went night before, and last night, and I have to go again tonight. I need a treatment. Let me telephone and see if they can take us."

We were in luck. They could . . . and we turned our steps whither Miss Kennedy led the way up Fifth Avenue.

The beauty place presented an atmosphere of rest the minute one stepped inside the door. Soft carpets under foot, soft lights, soft decorative scheme in pastel colorings, soft-voiced pretty attendants. . . . You began to feel better-looking at once. And when you were inside your own little cuddly booth, with your frock off, and all tucked up in towels and away in soft upholstery, with clever resilient finger-tips purring (if we may be permitted the perversion) over your face, you heaved a long contented sigh, and gave yourself up to an hour of luxurious relaxation.

"Isn't this heavenly!" called Miss Kennedy over the partition from the next booth. . . .

We won't go into the treatment in detail. Cleansing cream came first, naturally . . . and then a cream for elasticity of the muscles of the face, patted in briskly in the modern way. . . .

"She Who Gets Slapped," called out Miss Kennedy again. The fingers of the attendant ran over one's face like little galloping horses, especially around the jaw and that treacherous chin line, which may go back on you at any moment if you don't watch out. Ice was used, of course. There was a wonderful astringent to go on with, and we particularly liked the impalpable powder and the extraordinarily natural liquid rouge that gave the final touch of beauty.

"Don't you feel marvelous!" exclaimed Miss Kennedy, cheeks pink and eyes sparkling, as we came out.

"And don't you look it!" we responded.

The Avenue very evidently thought so too.

(For the name of the beauty establishment which Miss Mary Kennedy attends, as well as for any of the preparations used there, and mentioned in this article, the cleansing cream, the skin-food cream, the astringent, the powder, or the liquid rouge—which can be used just as efficaciously for home treatments—write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York City.)

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Helena Rubinstein

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WORLD'S MASTERPIECES ILLUMINE LONDON SLUMS

(Continued from page 20)

prefer the "Old Vic" to much more pretentious playhouses. The performances, to be quite frank, are—shall I say, crude? It startled me, for a time, to find that the terrifying score of *Tristan and Isolde* was being wrestled with by an orchestra of twenty musicians, and that some of the principals in the cast were merely amateurs. The scenery, again, was disconcerting. I gasped at the rude suggestion of Isolde's dwelling, at the queer construction of the ship on which the "truest of true Knights" was escorting her to Cornwall, and at the inadequacies of Sir Tristan's stronghold. The Tristan had a fairly pleasing voice. So had the Brangae. But none of the bold singers had the power required to do justice to poor Richard's glorious music. And yet, so marvelous is the spell of Wagner's drama that something of its meaning, not a little of its beauty, was transmitted, even by amateurs and an orchestra of twenty, to the audience. The applause which followed each of the three acts was vociferous, though, take my word for it, there was no claque at the "Old Vic."

How, you may ask, has the manager of that theatre achieved what seems impossible? She is far from rich, and, as she said to me with some bitterness, she can count on no Government subsidies. From time to time, though, a benevolent citizen, like Sir George Dance (who lately presented her with a gift of \$150,000, or a charitable fund, like the Carnegie Foundation) comes to the assistance of her enterprise. From the Broadway standpoint, this Miss Baylis may be cracked. She is certainly not producing Shakespeare and Wagner to put money in her pocket. But she is "in business" none the less, for her own health. Her soul's health, which implies the health of others, countless thousands to whom art, without her, might have been unknown.

WITHOUT "STAR" ARTISTES

SO far as Shakespeare is concerned, she has been aided by the co-operation of such experts as Bridges Adams, Ben Greet and Rosina Filippi, and cheered, I feel sure, by the patronage of one Royal Princess and three British Bishops. On the other hand, she has been menaced and dis-

turbed in her activities by the exigencies of the building laws and the bedevillments of the London County Council, which lately insisted on the enlargement of the theatre and the restoration to the wings of various dressing-rooms, leased for a time to a big London college. All obstacles have, however, been surmounted. And, besides two Wagner festivals, the brave manager of the "Old Vic" has, in the past twelve months, been able to give a Shakespeare festival, and to announce two other jubilees in honor, respectively, of Verdi and Mozart.

Remember, too, that these wonders have been achieved without the help of great or popular star artists, with means which have been pitifully limited, and with the most simple, not to say, threadbare of accessories. And yet we are told that, without stars or gorgeous trappings, Shakespeare spells ruin; that the uneducated are impervious to the charm of poetry; that the grandest of grand forms of music-drama mean nothing, less than nothing, to the masses.

A NATIONAL PLAYHOUSE

BRIDGES ADAMS, who is now associated with an enlightened London manager named Savery, could prove the absurdity of these heresies, by pointing to the successes scored with Shakespeare at the Stratford Memorial Theatre and at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. Mr. Adams and the general manager of the New Shakespeare Company have been so stimulated by both the artistic and the financial outcome of their recent seasons that they are at this moment planning what may, before many years, be the beginning of a really National Playhouse. It may be linked up with such other forms as Gilbert and Sullivan light opera and, possibly grand opera. It would be foolish to suppose that the slump into inanity which has been the aftermath of the World War in London is to endure forever. Forces are even now at work in the British capital which may redeem it from the slough in which the London stage has so long lain. Such is, at all events, the ardent hope of some British artists and some British managers.

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Schumann-Heink lends her voice and art to two demi-popular songs this week. *Sweetheart* is softly harmonious with tender phrases. *Dreamin' Time* is a "bayou" song, shadowy and slumbrous.

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Maggio (In the Month of May) from *Loreley*—the song of the lord of Oberwesel, bewitched by the Loreley. On the other side is the condemned patriot Chenier's reaffirmation of faith, in his cell at St. Lazaire—*Come un bel di di Maggio* (As Some Soft Day in May) from "Andrea Chenier."

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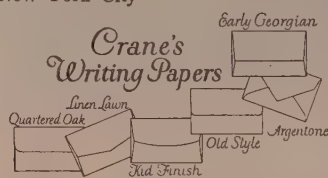
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BRINGING EXOTIC ART TO BROADWAY

(Continued from page 9)

wears a certain costume, hundreds of twin sisters spring up over night.

I have been asked whether I believe foreign language to be a certain handicap in connection with productions which I bring over. Personally, I do not consider the foreign language a bar. Why, it was scarcely necessary to understand a word uttered by the Moscow Art Players. Their facial expressions, gestures, and general attitudes told the whole stories of the plays. And, while I am on the subject of the Moscow Art Theatre actors, I want to say that what particularly appealed to me was their realistic detail work. A member of that company did not hesitate to sneeze, cough or use his handkerchief if he felt so inclined. Over here it is considered a misdemeanor or a vulgarism to do any one of these perfectly natural things. Sneezing, coughing, making use of a handkerchief, and even snuffling are some of the nature trifles which make up life. Why evade them, refuse to admit they exist, while on the stage?

THE RUSSIAN LOVE OF BEAUTY

PERHAPS I have an oriental imagination. I have frequently been charged with possessing one. At any rate, I have a passion for color. That is why the *Chauve-Souris* fascinated me. I chose this noted Russian ballet for its color and cleanness. Colors to delight the eye and comedy which could not offend the most fastidious. And right here I must admit that I find more gorgeous colors and more artistic blendings of them in Europe and European productions than I do over here. And I find more real beauty in Russia than I do anywhere else. All Russians are lovers of beauty. How do I account for it? Prenatal influence. The mothers of men in Russia are responsible for this. They weave dreams of beauty before their little ones are born. And every Russian mother hopes and wills that her child will be an artist—either musician, an actor, a dancer, a painter, a sculptor. It doesn't always matter to her exactly which artistic path he chooses, as long as it leads to one of the Arts.

I was born in Russia, across from the big Catholic cathedral. And, in addition to the dreams of my mother, I had the influence of that beautiful edifice during my entire childhood. It cast its spell over me. I was fascinated by its haunting beauty. Its stained glass windows, its architecture, majestic columns, incense, vast silent places, awed and enthralled me. I used to spend hours in it. When I was just old enough to toddle from my own door I sought it out. I feel that the influence of that lovely ca-

thedral had much to do with my future and my work.

HIS BLOOD TO THE CAUSE

I LIKE to do things on a vast scale—pageants, spectacles, great ballets. That is why I enjoyed doing such things as *Chu Chin Chow*, *Aphrodite*, *The Wanderer*, and *Mecca*. They gave me unlimited scope. Plenty of opportunity for much color, much life, great scenes like paintings. I cannot become interested in a small undertaking. Of course, these big spectacles are costly, and they require every minute of my time and effort. But everyone connected with the theatre gives his blood to the cause. It is exacting, oftentimes exhausting work, but for me there never has been, never will be, any other life but that of the theatre. Many things come up in the day's work which are irritating, patience-frazzling, but a worker in the theatre must learn to be immune to these petty things. He must also learn to be a diplomat, to help smooth over temperamental differences which oftentimes arise between actors and the managing staffs of the theatre. For foreign actors haven't any corner on temperament by any means. Ask any manager what I mean by that.

And, speaking of diplomacy, why when a great artist comes over here from any foreign country he comes practically as a diplomat. It may sound trite, but what can bind nations together more effectively than the magic spell of great artistes? Talented actors or musicians do more to create friendly feelings between their nations and the country they visit than months of diplomatic negotiations. Our young artists should remember that while preparing themselves to follow in the footsteps of the foreigners whose accomplishments they admire.

Taking all things into consideration, I believe that my importation of foreign talent is accomplishing all I set out to do.

I am introducing to this country the wealth of other nations; setting a standard for our young artists, helping to cement friendly relations between our country and others, and setting before both our professional and community-center producers, new ideas. I predict that pageantry will be elaborated upon over here as a result of some of the striking spectacles brought over from abroad. Summing it all up, I am sure that we will benefit in many ways by our opportunity to study foreign art and foreign artists at close range. And I'm hoping that in the not distant future we'll be able to do more art exporting of our own.





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pierces dull moments
like sunbeams*

AS a tribute to *choice tea* an old-world poet penned these words, "Keeping the palace of the soul serene".

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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 19)

maligned borough gets plenty of publicity even though it isn't of the particularly desirable kind. The other half has a society setting, Rosie of a Brooklyn cabaret and her pals cavorting first in the slums and then in the bright lights of "high society."

Virginia O'Brien in the title-rôle differs from the average musical-comedy cutie. She is not so petite, nor so lively, nor so baby-vampish-flapperish, but quite a sedate, mature young woman, with a fair singing voice. Bobby Watson interprets the author's idea about the ingredients of a musical comedy. Jack McGowan, of the bright, glinting eyes is satisfying as the hero; and Margaret Dumont, with the Fritz Scheff mold of face and figure, is good to look upon though her rôle is negligible.

This may be a rather delicate subject to touch upon, but one expects fresh, crisp apparel in a musical comedy. The extremely soiled hose of the chorus is absolutely inexcusable. It is an offense to the eye, for, after all, musical comedy doesn't do much more than feed the eye. What it feeds on should at least be clean.

Gypsy Jim

Play in three acts by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Milton Herbert Cropper. Produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre on January 14, with this cast:

Harry Blake, George Farren; Mary Blake, Elizabeth Patterson; Craig, George Anderson; Lucy Blake, Martha Bryan Allen; Tom Blake, Wallace Ford; Gypsy Jim, Leo Carrillo; Worthing, Harry Mestayer; Dan, Fleming Ward; Estelle, Ethel Wilson; Kent, Averell Harris; Grace, Virginia Wilson; Butler, Joseph M. Spence.

WITH so much hokum foisted on the public, theatre-goers these days are inclined to grow skeptical of the play which is touted as purely altruistic. Plays are written for Money, sold for Money, bought for Money, so what's the use of being naïve about it? Leo Carrillo, star of this "sunshine-faith" play, steps out of character and makes a curtain speech, after much clamorous applause has called him before the curtain. He tells about the really inspiring message "this little play contains," about the postman working overtime delivering bushels of letters from all over the universe, telling how many discouraged souls have been helped by "the message of faith," and much more along the same line.

A gypsy, chuck-full of philosophy and slopping over with sentiment and benign tenderness, enters a home where four members of the family are burdened down with cares and discouragement. The daughter cannot sell her short stories and plans to elope with a town scoundrel; the seedy

father, an unsuccessful lawyer, never has a client; mother has gone all to pot mourning over the grave of a dead brother, and son is ready to blow out his brains because his invention isn't accepted. The gypsy dins the "faith in your own powers" idea into the ears of these wretched creatures, and, presto, half an hour later, things begin to happen.

Leo Carrillo, for whom the play was apparently written, revels in this picturesque, romantic title-rôle, and plays it exceedingly well, even though he is inclined to swagger a bit. Elizabeth Patterson as the mother knows well the neurotic type of woman, and draws her true to life.

Merry Wives of Gotham

A comedy in three acts by Laurence Eyre, produced at the Henry Miller Theatre on January 16th, with the following cast:

Denbeigh, Bertha Ballenger; Dirk DeRhonde, William Hanley; Anne DeRhonde, Grace George; Lambart DeRhonde, Berton Churchill; Annie O'Tandy, Laura Hope Crews; Seumas O'Tandy, Arthur Sinclair; Andy Gorman, Arthur Cole; Ophelia O'Tandy, Mary Ellis; Major Fowler, John Milner; Widow Gorman, Mignon O'Doherty; Angelo, Herbert Farjeon; Hudson Bess, Judith Vosselli.

PRODUCED originally under the unworthy title *Fanshastics*, this comedy is a charming and artistic vehicle for the display of the talents of Grace George and Laura Hope Crews who share the stellar honors and appear as twin sisters whom Fate has thrust into the two extremities of the social scale. The story is a quaint extravagance of the seventies, and the author has avoided an abundance of sentimentality pitfalls with rare artistic sensibility.

Twin sisters are placed for adoption by an orphanage, one into a high and one into a lowly station. They never see each other until womanhood, and Life finds one a squatter on the other's property, "uptown" at Sixty-ninth Street. The fights between their husbands throw the women together, and a mutual sense of humor wins them to each other as friends. Their shy affection is something tender and moving, and when they finally bid each other good-bye at the conclusion of the comedy, without either of them ever realizing their true relation, the season's theatre is enriched by a moment of sincere beauty.

Both Miss George and Miss Crews are delightful as the humorous, giggly wives. Their mannerisms are so unstudiedly identical the illusion of their sisterhood is perfectly maintained. The costumes are amusing and beautiful, and the supporting company plays creditably.

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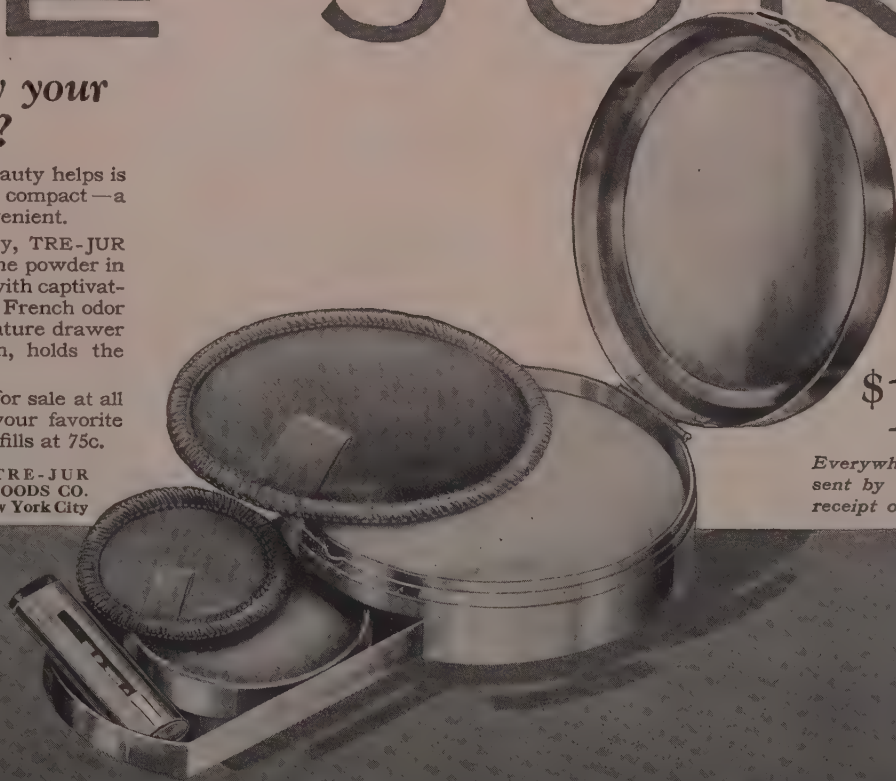
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Outward Bound

A play in three acts by Sutton Vane, presented by William Harris, Jr., at the Ritz Theatre on January 7th, with the following cast:

Scrubby, J. M. Kerrigan; Ann, Margalo Gillmore; Henry, Leslie Howard; Mr. Prior, Alfred Lunt; Mrs. Cliveden-Banks, Charlotte Granville; Rev. William Duke, Lionel Watts; Mrs. Midget, Beryl Mercer; Mr. Lingley, Eugene Powers; Rev. Frank Thompson, Dudley Digges.

AN extraordinary play, fraught with a simple significance and philosophy, was this unusual composition which has stirred materialistic New York, although all its characters are dead. It moves one to a very poignant pity. Yet there are touches of acute humor relieving the somber shade of its atmosphere. Its contention is that death does not release us from our struggles nor punish us for our weaknesses, but that it only gives us a new start in our fight for ultimate spiritual content.

A group of strange travelers meet in the smoking lounge of a weird little liner, a boat which moves without pilot, crew or lights across the dim channel which divides Life and Death. They have retained their individualities, their vices, their habits, their passions and their poses. In fact, they are unconscious of their changed state. Ultimately, it dawns upon them, and they are assailed by terror! Each in his way, reacts to the realization that he is to meet some Unknown Examiner. The boat is presided over by Scrubby, the barkeep, a "Half-way," who had committed suicide and was compelled to work in this restless half-way region until the time arrived when he should have died. Among the passengers are two other Half-ways, a boy and girl, who had believed they could escape separation and the lashings of life by dying in each other's arms. The dramatist has led all his characters to a third-act ending which is rich in a sad and sincere beauty. *Outward Bound* is a play worth seeing.

A cast consistently fine is especially distinguished by the interpretation Alfred Lunt brings to the rôle of a sensitive weakling.

The Living Mask

Modern satirical comedy by Luigi Pirandello. Produced by Brock Pemberton at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre on January 21st, with this cast:

Landolfo (Lolo), Thomas Chalmers; Ari-aldo (Franco), Rex K. Benware; Ordufo (Morno), Ralph Macbane; Bertoldo (Fino), Gerald Hamer; Giovanni, Arthur Bowyer; Marquis Carlo Di Nolli, Stuart Bailey; Baron Tito Belcredi, Warburton Gamble; Dr. Dionisio Genoni, Thomas Loudon; Donna Mathilde, Ernita Lascelles; The Marchesina Frida, Kay Strozzi; "Henry IV," Arnold Korff.

THE Italian professor, Luigi Pirandello, has made insanity as a dramatic theme something peculiarly

his own. His latest study in dementia is Henry IV, rechristened *The Living Mask*.

If Pirandello were as good a dramatist as he is an alienist *The Living Mask*, admirable to read, would be a much better acting play. Technically it is far from expert. The exposition is unconscionably long, and by no means as lucid as it should be. It is, throughout, entirely too static and verbally discursive for appeal to the general public.

Taking part in a pageant an Umbrian nobleman, garbed as Henry IV of Germany, is thrown from his horse. When he returns to consciousness he believes himself really to be the Emperor he personated. He is humored in this belief by his relatives and sets up a pseudo court with lackeys costumed in the period of the eleventh century. Friends bring in an alienist in an effort to restore him to sanity. Henry IV has really recovered his mind, but believing that an imaginary life conducted on a past historical basis is superior to that of the every-day with its varying uncertainties, continues his existence of hallucination, only to find that inexorable fate will intrude, making him in the end a murderer. The theme, therefore, as to whether he's sane when he's insane or crazy when he's lucid, makes for an occasional moment of positive dramatic emphasis which Arnold Korff, formerly of the Irving Place Theatre, as *Henry*, devotes with fine variety, admirable restraint and really tragic fervor. This German actor, whose accent is very slight, is a distinct addition to the too-limited list of those capable of denoting the big emotions.

Lollipop

A musical comedy, book by Zelda Sears; music by Vincent Youmans; lyrics by Zelda Sears and Walter De Leon; presented by Henry W. Savage, Inc., at the Knickerbocker Theatre on January 21st, with the following principals:

Mrs. Mason, Adora Andrews; Virginia, Gloria Dawn; Tessie, Aline McGill; Don Carlos, Leonard Ceiley; Omar K. Garrity, Nick Long, Jr.; Petunia, Virginia Smith; Laura Lamb, Ada-May; Rufus, A. Dark Secret; George Jones, Gus Shy; Bill Geohagen, Harry Puck; Mrs. Garrity, Zelda Sears; Helene, Florence Webber.

THAT rare treasure, a good musical comedy, clean, snappy, amusing, tuneful and pretty. Ada Mae, who has dropped her surname Weeks, is the featured player and has at last come into her own as a most gifted and individual dancing comedienne. Her voice is slight, but she abounds in roguish humor and her dancing is remarkable. Her foolishness is supplemented by that of Gus Shy most satisfactorily.

The story is frankly inconsequential, a Cinderella, who this time wins a plumber, preferring him to the millionaire summer-home to which she is

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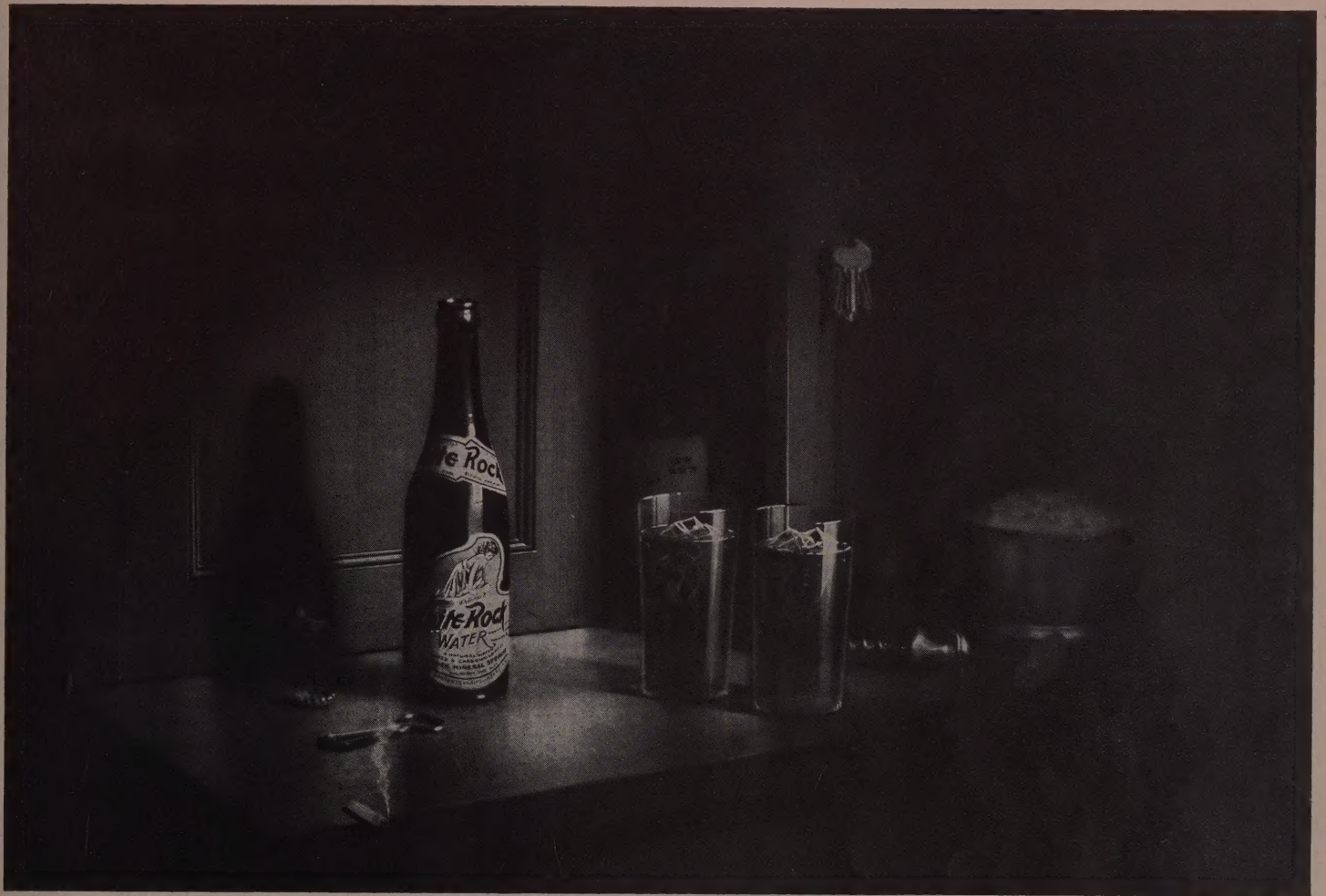


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assigned by the Franco-American orphanage. But the story only serves to unite the breezy succession of songs and dances, the music for which was written by Vincent Youmans, likewise responsible to *Wildflower* and *Mary Jane McKane*. A genuine Tiller pony-ballet prances thrillingly, and the staging by Ira Hards is exceptionally praiseworthy.

Lollipop is a good evening's entertainment. More like it would serve to reinstate musical comedy as sophisticated amusement.

The New Poor

Comedy in three acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced by Alex A. Aarons and Vinton Freedley at the Playhouse, January 14th, with this cast:

Mrs. Curtis Wellby, Beth Franklyn; Constance Wellby, Irene Purcell; Betty Wellby, Myra Hampton; Mary Maxwell Maudsley, Norma Mitchell; Amos Wellby, Herbert Yost; Alice Wellby, Anita Booth; Miller C. Gutteridge, Morton L. Stevens; Princess Irina, Lillian Kemble Cooper; The Grand Duke Boris, Lyn Harding; Count Ivan, William Williams; Prince Vladimir, George Thorpe; Kirk O'Farrell, Ralph Sipperley.

THIS is a pity that, with an amusing idea, Cosmo Hamilton does not quite hit it. Announced as a comedy, *The New Poor* is really a farce. It depicts the difficulties into which an American household is plunged after a staff of servants, made up of impoverished Russian nobility, is introduced into its midst.

There are only two rôles worth while, that of the Duke, portrayed by Lyn Harding, and the bachelor son (Herbert Yost.) Lyn Harding, as the suave pseudo Russian Duke, acts with effectiveness and sincerity, a rôle which, though the lead, is lightweight. Herbert Yost cleverly weaves the touch of pathos into his comedy rôle, though he overacts in gesture.

Ralph Sipperley, the apostle of pep, who scored such a hit in *Six Cylinder Love*, is submerged in a flimsy bit—an amateur detective rôle. Norma Mitchell, remembered for her work in *March Hares*, was evidently cast in her present rôle because of her ability to prattle like an intellectual.

Kid Boots

Musical comedy in two acts. Book by William Anthony Maguire and Otto Harbach; score by Harry Tierney. Produced by Flo Ziegfeld at the Earl Carrol Theatre December 31st, with this cast:

Peter Pillsbury, Harry Short; Herbert Pendelton, Paul Everton; Harold Regan, John Rutherford; Menlo Manville, Harland Dixon; Tom Sterling, Harry Fender; Polly Pendelton, Mary Eaton; Kid Boots, Eddie Cantor; Beth, Beth Berri; Carmen Mendoza, Ethelind Terry; Jane Martin, Marie Hallahan; Dr. Josephine Fitch, Jobyna Howland; Randolph Valentine, Robert Barrat.

THIS is the show that Flo Ziegfeld didn't wish me to see, he fearing I might find it as bad as the *Follies*.

So he withdrew my customary press seats and put a guard at the theatre door to prevent my slipping in. But these days of grease paints and practicable whisks, nothing's easier than to effect a disguise, and it was made up as a bewhiskered Bolshevik that one evening I sat through *Kid Boots*.

To get even with Ziegfeld, I'd like to say the show is rotten, the cheapest and worst drivél ever inflicted on Broadway. But like the Father of our country I simply can't tell a lie. Truth compels the statement that here is a musical comedy that is delightful entertainment all the way through. When I say it's as good as *Sally*, perhaps that will convey some idea of how good it is.

First, there is the corking cast. Eddie Cantor, a comedian of the first rank, unrivaled in his special field of super-fun making, and Mary Eaton, as sweet and pretty a ballerina as ever tiptoed her way into the heart of Broadway audiences. Then there is Jobyna Howland as peppy and slangy as ever, and Beth Berri of the shapely, nimble legs; Harland Dixon and Marie Callahan, who do some wonderful terpsichorean feats; and Ethelind Terry, whose fine voice and pretty frocks arouse no end of enthusiasm.

The plot—all about a Florida golf club—is far above the average. In addition to the humorous situations, it also furnishes some capital melody numbers. *If Your Heart's in the Game*, sung by Miss Eaton and Harry Fender; *Keep Your Eye on the Ball*, by Cantor, were being whistled long after the delighted audience filed out of the theatre.

As a spectacle *Kid Boots* outshines any show seen in these parts this season. The putting green of the Florida club house is a beautiful stage picture—so is the *patio* of the Everglades club.

No matter how brother Ziegfeld fell down on his *Follies*, he has made ample amends with *Kid Boots*.

Sweet Little Devil

Musical comedy. Book by Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab. Music by George Gershwin. Produced by Laurence Schwab at the Astor Theatre January 21st.

FOR those whose risibilities can stand the strain, the idea of a *Follies* girl being chosen as a chaperone for a little up-state innocent, will prove diverting. The sweet young thing as portrayed by Constance Binney conjures up images of Mary Hay. Constance looks like Mary, has the same make-up, horn-rimmed glasses and all. *Sweet Little Devil* and *Mary Jane McKane* are cut somewhat off the same musical comedy bolt.

The comedy is flat and re-hashed, obviously from joke books and other handy manuals of humor; the dancing is rather good, but there is not enough of it. The play is well costumed.

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They opened the present season with *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Marriage Game* and a successful revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera *Patience*. At the close of the latter production, Reginald Travers, founder of the Club, left the Coast to enter a new field—New York City, where in Bedford Mews he is building a new little theatre to be called the "Cherry Lane." Evelyn Vaughn and William Rainey, former members of the Players are associated with Mr. Travers in his new venture.

Fortunately the Players were able to secure as their new director, Everett Glass, who had been associated with Sam Hume at the University of California, and with the Provincetown Players.

As his first production, Mr. Glass chose a bill of four one-act plays which ran for an entire week. The programme was a well-balanced one, including Arthur Schnitzler's *Literature*, Eugene O'Neill's *Ile*, Tchekoff's *The Bear* and Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Aria da Capo*, the latter having been produced by the Peninsula Players as guests of The Players' Club.

For the balance of the season, Mr. Glass outlined a highly interesting programme, Andrejef's *Sabine Women* and Synge's *In the Shadow of the Glen* having been scheduled for presentation during January, to be followed by Fitch's *Beau Brummell*.

The Players have announced a prize-play competition, the prize being fifty dollars and the production of the winning play on their April bill, as well as any others, which in the opinion of the judges are worthy of production.

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as we go to press, Mr. Foreman is rehearsing them in Tarkington's *Clarence* and a Passion Play for the Lenten season.

Unlike the Little Theatre groups, St. Joseph's Dramatic Club does not go in for original stage sets, and but two considerations decide their choice of a play: It must be entertaining, and it must be clean. They do not concern themselves particularly with the mechanics of the theatre, but their performances have reached a very high level of excellence, and they play to crowded houses, very often, a popular demand necessitating an extra performance or two.

Their programs have taken in operas, musical comedies, dramas and comedies of which the following is a partial list: *The Geisha Girl*; *The Mikado*; *Leave It to Jane*; *Two Musical Notes*; *The House of Glass*; *The Love of the King*; *The Fortune Hunter*; *Turn of Mind*; *Within the Law*; *Capitulation*; *Adam and Eva*; *Pierre of the Plains*; *Quincy Adams Sawyer*; *The Hottentot*; *The Thief*; *It Pays to Advertise*.

THEATRE MAGAZINE will be glad to advise other church groups where these plays may be obtained, the royalty, etc.

A WORKSHOP FOR AUTHORS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

THE Playshop Theatre of the Northwestern University, under the direction of Alexander Dean, has worked out an interesting and unusual scheme of production that is attracting to it a number of the better known authors of the Middle West.

They recently presented three one-act plays, *Radio*, *The Sponge and The Black Suit Case*, all from the pen of Alice C. D. Riley, an Evanston woman. But their method of procedure in production differs from that of other Little Theatre groups in this respect; the plays are given for four nights, the first two in the original form and the final two in revised form, following the criticisms and suggestions of the invited audiences, which are made up of undergraduates, local Evanston people and the North Shore Theatre Guild, whose members are drawn from the suburbs north of Chicago. Mr. Dean also directs the latter group, which travels.

One of the recent productions of the Playshop was Alice Gerstenberg's *Nine in the Heart*, with the author assisting in the directing. Authors such as Padriac Colum, Dugald Walker and Louise Ayres Garnett are also writing for production by the organization, thus the Playshop is so much broader than a class or course in playwrighting—it is in truth a workshop for the authors of the Middle West.

NOTE

THEATRE MAGAZINE will supply on request, a list of plays suitable for presentation in churches, or by church groups, for the Easter season.

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